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Original Poetry.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

'Twas in a sunny forest-nook,
With flowers and moss o'ergrown;
Where naught was heard save the bees' low hum,
Or wild wind's liquid tone,
They laid the gentle bard to rest,
When life's wild dream was o'er,—
When the lyre he touched with magic power,
Gave forth its notes no more.

They laid him there when sunset's beam
Yet lingered on the hill;
But the heart that leaped at that bright hour,
In death's long sleep was still!
Sadly they heaped the mossy mould
Above his fair young form;
Forever closed his glancing eye,
And cold his breast so warm.

The elm's long boughs droop o'er the turf,
Like mourners weeping by;
And there in Spring, the violet first
Looks up with mild, blue eye.
And when the forests in the garb
Of summer, proudly wave,
A thousand low, sweet melodies,
Float mournful 'round his grave.

A holy calm breathes o'er the spot,—
The trees dark shadows fling,
Save when, thro' twining boughs, quick gleams
The wild bird's flashing wing;
There, when the sunset's glow decays,
Bright forms with sunny hair
Glide slowly thro' the voiceless aisles,
Then fade in twilight air.

Original Novel.

THE SOUTHERN WHIG;
A Romance of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD LOYALIST," "LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT FOLIO," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XI.

"They saw their injured country's woe;
The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rush'd to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear—but left the shield."
Philip Freneau.

Winter had passed away; spring had come and died with its flowers; summer had yellowed the harvest fields and departed; and now autumn, with its golden purity, its sunny skies, and all its glories were at hand. Months had passed since the events recorded in our last chapter. And with the change of time came change of scene.

Yorktown was invested. Cornwallis, after his vain boast that he would drive Lafayette from Virginia, had found himself no match for his younger opponents, but had been compelled to retire upon his present position, and surrender all hopes of carrying out the designs he had conceived, after the capture of Charlestown, of overrunning the southern States, so that, even in the event of a peace, the latter should not be included in the new republic. The scheme, at one time, had seemed not only feasible, but nearly certain of success, and the hopes of the friends of freedom had sunk in consequence; but that Providence who rules over the destinies of nations had determined otherwise. Simultaneous with the disconcertion of the plans of Cornwallis, the battle of Eutaw Springs had been gained by Greene, and the persevering Carolinians were driving their invaders, step by step, from their soil. Charleston still remained in the hands of the enemy, but he was rapidly losing his hold in the upper country. The prospect brightened.

Early in August Washington had given up his intentions on New York, chiefly on account of the unwillingness of Count de Grasse to venture into the bay with his fleet, and, turning his attention southward, had, by a rapid march, left the Hudson, crossed the Delaware, reached the head of Elk, and sat down before Yorktown with the allied army, the fleet of the French admiral blockading the place from the sea. The siege had already progressed. A second parallel had been opened. Breaches had been made. It was determined to assault the two redoubts which were now the chief obstacles to the assailants. The storming of one had been confided to a detachment commanded by Colonel Hamilton, while the other was to be attacked by a body of picked infantry from the French allies.

Among the forlorn hope of Hamilton two men were remarkable. One was still in the prime of youth, but an air of deep dejection was visible on his face, as if already he had tasted the bitter draught of sorrow. The other seemed his follower, and in his careless, easy air the reader might recognize an old acquaintance, Eph. His companion was Somers. The latter had used some influence to obtain permission to serve as a volunteer on the storming party, and the former, on learning this resolution, had determined on following his friend and master.

Somers had not returned to the southern army. Various circumstances had produced this; but perhaps the most prominent was his unwillingness to revisit a section of the country where he would be likely to meet or even hear of Eveline. Now that his love was hopeless, he felt that his peace of mind required that he should be removed from the influence of every association that might remind him of her; for, where one deeply but hopelessly loves, the only cure is to separate him forever from all mention of the loved one's name. Somers had been employed on various important services; had acted as a brevet captain in the dragoons; had filled the post of aid-de-camp to General Lafayette; and had striven, by constant action and ever changing scenes to drive Eveline from his thoughts. But, alas! he had not been successful. We may conquer a love conceived and disappointed in boyhood; but the passion of the mature man becomes a part of his being, and often ceases only with his life.

During this period Somers had never heard *from* Eveline. Avoiding all inquiry after her, it was scarcely probable that he could hear of her; but once he had been present at a dinner table when an officer from Carolina had mentioned her name incidentally, in connection with the rumor that she was about to be wedded to a gentleman named Manvers, her cousin, he believed.

"He is a neutral," said the officer; "but suspected of favoring the tories, and there are some dark things connected with the sale of the Trevor estates to this gentleman; and the general impression is that fraud has been exercised in the case, for when Charleston was taken, and South Carolina overrun, it began to be the general talk that Mr. Trevor was to resume his late property, and that indeed the sale was only a *ruse*. The affair has since been hushed up, but it is not forgotten in the proper quarters. However, he is, they say, to marry the daughter, and, from all I can learn, she is an angel."

How these words stung Somers, opening afresh the wound that he had fondly hoped had begun to heal. For days and weeks he endured again his old agonies. In vain he sought in excitement for alleviation; no scene however striking could wholly drive from him the remembrance of what he had lost. Such repinings were unmanly he knew; but the heart is no reasoner; and love rules the affections, not the intellect. At length the siege of Yorktown began, and in the progress of that mighty event he found some consolation, because the interest it awakened in him directed his thoughts in a measure from his disappointment. Whenever a service of peculiar danger was to be performed, he was foremost to volunteer for it; and when the galling fire of the two redoubts rendered it necessary that they should be stormed, he solicited and obtained permission to serve in the forlorn hope. For his whole soul was now engrossed with the desire of a glorious death.

Every preparation for the assault having been made, the troops left their stations and moved silently forward. The moon shone clear on high, throwing a hazy light over the prospect. To the right lay the shipping, half seen across the water; while in front appeared the entrenchments and town of York. A profound stillness reigned with the party of assailants, until they were within a proper distance of the redoubt. Suddenly a rocket shot up on the left, announcing that the French were prepared to attack; and immediately the men dashed forward with fixed bayonets. A few rapid strides brought them to the abbatis and palisades, for whose removal by the sappers they were too impetuous to wait, but clambered over them, and rushed on the foe. A short and desperate conflict ensued. The enemy disputed every inch of ground, but, though the assailants had been ordered to use only the bayonets, they still gained ground, despite the fierce resistance of the British. At length, however, the forces left in charge of the redoubt began to give way. At this crisis an elderly officer stepped to their head, and endeavored to rally them. A dozen bayonets were instantly directed against his breast, and he was on the point of falling a victim to his bravery and loyalty, when Somers, who saw that the officer's efforts had been in vain, and that the enemy were disheartened beyond the probability of further resistance, struck up the bayonets from his breast, exclaiming,

"The day is won, and the redoubt ours. Let us not disgrace ourselves by butchery. Sir," and he turned urbanely to the British officer, "you must see that fortune has gone against you, and, if you will surrender me your sword, I will see that you are protected."

The officer silently resigned his blade, for he was now aware that further resistance was useless; but though he said nothing, he turned, as he was passed to the rear, and gave Somers a look of expressive gratitude. In that look there was something that thrilled his heart, yet why he knew not. Had he seen that face before?

It was some hours before our hero was relieved from the duties that devolved on him after the redoubt had been carried, but when he found himself at leisure, his thoughts naturally turned to the officer he had made a prisoner. Directing his steps to the quarter where the captain had been removed, with the intention of offering to share his own quarters with him, if he should accept the offer of a parole, he found the stranger reading a letter which apparently he had carried about his person. His face was flushed as if with some strong feeling, which expression had not wholly died away, when he rose to greet Somers. The purpose of our hero was soon explained, and his offer courteously accepted.

"But we have not yet been presented to each other," said the officer, as he put his arm within that of his younger acquaintance, "I am Major Trevor."

"Of South Carolina," said Somers starting, "the father of Eveline!"

Major Trevor, in his turn, seemed astonished.

"Do you not remember me?" said our hero, "I am a son of your old friend Mr. Somers."

The warmth with which the Major grasped his young friend's hand shewed that old memories had not departed from him, and, for a moment, flung a gleam of hope across the heart of Somers.

CHAPTER XII.

"We meet again."

The siege was now pushed with vigor, and the fate of Cornwallis was no longer doubtful. A capitulation was proposed on his part; the commissioners met at Moore's tavern; and it was announced to the world that a second English army had surrendered to the Americans.

During the days that elapsed before the surrender of the royal troops, the duties of Somers afforded him little opportunity of conferring with Major Trevor. The few hours they spent together were employed in conversation on the recollections of the past, both parties studiously avoiding the subject of the civil war, on which it would have been impossible for them to agree. There was another subject on which they were silent. Somers made no inquiries about Eveline, for, feeling that the theme was one on which he dare not trust himself, he resolved, from the first, never even to mention her name. Nor did her father allude to her, except rarely, and then only with a passing remark. It was evident that he knew nothing of the meeting of Eveline and his host at her aunt's during the ensuing winter.

The slight intercourse between Somers and Major Trevor, however, was sufficient to convince each that something preyed on the other's mind. Each forbore to ask questions; but our hero was satisfied that the anxiety of Major Trevor had some relation to the letter he had been reading on the night after his capture. And little did the royalist imagine the true cause that weighed down his young host's spirits.

It was a proud day for the Allies when, agreeably to the terms of the capitulation, the British troops marched out from Yorktown to the field where they were to deposit their arms; and thousands of patriotic hearts beat high at the prospect, which now opened, of a speedy termination of the war. The ceremonies of that day are matter of history, and have been commemorated by painters and poets as well as chroniclers. The dignified bearing of Washington, and the delicacy evinced by all his officers toward the fallen earl and his followers, have ever received the praise of the annalist. From these matters of public notoriety we pass to the events of our more humble story.

It was the day after the capitulation, when Somers having been sent on the road to Williamsburg with a despatch, was returning to camp, when he met a carriage which had broken down, almost at the instant that he was passing it. Hastily dismounting, he hurried to assist the occupant from it, but the instant that the door was opened, he started back at sight of Eveline Trevor. Recovering himself, however, he gave her his hand, and aided her in alighting. She evinced almost as much embarrassment as himself, and trembled perceptibly as she leaned on his arm; for there was a house at a short distance, and thither Somers had mechanically proposed that they should walk. The way was passed in silence, except once when Eveline ventured to ask if her father was well, for, though she had heard of the capitulation, she was without any direct intelligence from her parent. This silence arose on Somers' part, from many causes. From what he had heard, he had no doubt that Eveline was the wife of her cousin, and the explanation of his conduct towards Manvers, on their last meeting, which otherwise he would have hastened to give, he was now too proud to offer. Besides he experienced an embarrassment in his present position of which an hour before, he would have thought himself incapable. Could it be that the mere touch of Eveline's hand upon his arm had power thus to affect him? He felt that he had done wisely in avoiding all mention of her name to her parent, and that hereafter his only safety would lie in avoiding her society. With these feelings he experienced no little relief when they reached the house, and, remarking that he would now return to the carriage and see if he could not hasten its repair by his presence, he was about to depart, when Eveline, laid her hands again on his arm, saying,

"Will you delay a moment, Mr. Somers! I have much to say to you, which I should have said ere this. In justice to both of us I ought not let you depart without the explanation I am about to make."

Somers bowed and remained, his hat, however, still in his hand. We will not say he was not curious to hear what Eveline had to say; for his heart throbbed faster in his bosom, nor could he wholly prevent the evidences of his emotion appearing in his face.

"When we last met," said Eveline, "it was under peculiar circumstances; and I believe I spoke warmly—too warmly. We parted in anger, at least not in kindness. And I was the cause of it. Will you forgive me for this?" and she frankly extended her hand. The words and gesture were irresistable; for, as we have before said, no one could emulate the winning frankness of Eveline. Somers was subdued. His pride deserted him; a gush of fondness swept across his heart; and in that moment he felt as if Eveline could lay no task on him which he would not gladly have performed. What a mastery over us has love!

"Forgive you, oh! how willingly. But I acted, in that matter, deliberately, and I will own that your words pained me. Let that pass, however. I might justify myself fully in your eyes perhaps; but I will not. May God bless you," he continued, in deep emotion, "and make your present husband worthy of you. For your sake I wipe off all that he has done against me."

These words were spoken rapidly and almost incoherently; indeed Somers was scarcely aware of their import, but, hurried on by an uncontrollable impulse, had given utterance to them without thought. Eveline crimsoned to her very brow, and again stopped Somers as he was about rushing from the room.

"Stay, Mr. Somers, stay. Your words imply that you think—me—married. It is not so. Nor can I ever be the wife of the person to whom you allude."

The astonishment of Somers can be imagined better than it can be described. He was speechless for a space, during which he gazed in undisguised bewilderment at Eveline. He found words at length.

"Not married to Mr. Manvers—nor ever can be!" he said, as if unconsciously, while his whole face became irradiated.

"Nor ever can be," repeated Eveline more firmly, though the tide of crimson blood suffused her whole countenance. "Whatever may have been the impressions of others, arising from a report which it seems had wide circulation, a union with my cousin was never contemplated by myself." How Somers' heart leapt at these words! Eveline continued—"Circumstances, it is due to you to say, have lately come to my knowledge, which would have precluded all thoughts of such a marriage. In a word, I have learnt how I misrepresented you on the morning of our last interview—and that you had just cause for the indignation which you entertained against Mr. Manvers."

"Bless you for those words," said Somers. Eveline blushed again, and deeper than before, at his ardor. She hastily continued.

"I felt it due to you to acknowledge how I had wronged you. But," and her voice hesitated, "I have one favor to ask of you—do not seek revenge on my cousin. He has deeply injured both my father and myself—now I dare not trust myself to relate—and if we are willing to leave his punishment to Providence, surely you will do the same."

Somers would have agreed to anything in that moment; he, therefore, gave the required promise. How vast the change which a short half hour had worked in his feelings! The gloom of despondency was gone, and hope once more rose in his bosom. Perhaps he would have been hurried into a declaration of his sentiments, had not one of Eveline's servants now appeared at the door and announced that the coach had been repaired, the injury having proved slighter than was at first supposed.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful story."
Shakspeare.

The meeting of Eveline and her father was one of deep emotion; for they had been parted more than a year, during which they had only occasionally heard from each other. It was marked by an even greater display of emotion on the father's part than on that of Eveline, for Major Trevor was overcome by the thought that his daughter would have fallen a sacrifice to the arts of a villain, if it had not been for her own resolution, and her disregard of his expressed wishes, which were almost commands.

We can find no better opportunity for unravelling the mystery which perplexed Somers than the present: and we will do it in the words of Major Trevor to our hero, as he told the story on the morning following Eveline's arrival. The interview between Manvers and Miss Trevor is already known to our readers: this, therefore, we shall omit.

"My unworthy nephew," said the narrator, "returning from the hunt pretended that the party had been attacked by a band of whig refugees, and that he had with difficulty made good his escape; and as this tale was plausibly narrated, and there was no one to contradict it, Eveline and her aunt were forced at length to believe it. It gained confirmation from the absence of both you and your servant; and here Mr. Manvers suggested a reason for that absence, by hinting that you had instigated the attack, and, finding it unsuccessful and dreading an exposure if you returned to Staunton Hall, had concluded to depart with your allies. It was long before either Eveline or her aunt could think so basely of you, but so adroitly and apparently so unwillingly did Mr. Manvers suggest his suspicions that at length their doubts began to give way. Your rencontre with my nephew in the park, and the color given to that transaction by him induced Eveline, for the time, to believe all that her cousin had insinuated against you, though afterwards, when she came to compare your past conduct with this one hasty act, her doubts of the truth of the tale returned in all their force. It was not until a few weeks since, however, that she learnt the baseness of Mr. Manvers.

"The idea of a union between Eveline and my nephew had long been a darling notion with me; for until latterly I have placed the utmost confidence in my sister's son. Still I was unwilling to force Eveline into a union of which she disapproved, the more because I trusted time would induce her to look more favorably on her cousin's suit. He, however, was not disposed to wait; but determined to win her by any, even the foulest means. You know how he inveigled me into a transfer of my estates, a step which I bitterly repent. You know also the false representations he made to Eveline. After his first refusal he did not despair; but again solicited her hand. This time he brought a forged letter, purporting to be from me, commanding her to become his wife. Eveline was now in the deepest perplexity and anguish of mind. She had never yet disobeyed me; and, as no suspicion of the genuineness of my letter crossed her mind, she knew not what to do, being equally averse to accept Major Manvers and to refuse obedience to my commands. The madness of my nephew in forging a document which must, sooner or later, be proved to be false, is inaccountable, unless he trusted to the chances of war, or to my death by fouler means, for my removal from life before a discovery should take place.

"Fortunately, at this crisis, a paper was brought to Eveline which unmasked the villain. The document was a letter, found months before on the dead body of Manvers' servant, containing a written promise from the master of a certain sum of money, provided the bearer should succeed in aiding him to obtain the hand of Eveline. This paper was accompanied by a note, in Manver's handwriting, addressed to the tory leader who had captured Somers, and suggesting to him that enterprise. These papers hinted at the prior proceedings of Manvers in his crafty plot, and by following the clue this afforded, we have arrived at a full knowledge of his base designs. The man who brought the papers to Eveline had been prevented for months, by his duties in the field, from delivering the document at Staunton Hall, and, aware of their importance, he was unwilling to trust them to other hands.

"This knowledge determined Eveline at once. She still did not suspect the forgery of the letter; but under the circumstances she felt justified in disobeying it. She revealed all to her aunt, and Manvers was dismissed from the Hall. Immediate enquiries were secretly set on foot to discover the extent of my nephew's villainy, and the result was the complete discovery of his plans. Eveline now determined to join me and put herself under my personal protection; and availing herself of an escort that just then presented, she arrived at Williamsburg, whence she set forth for the camp. Prior to this, however, she wrote me a full account of his villainy. You may have seen me perusing the letter."

Eveline never appeared more beautiful than when she came down that evening, after having devoted most of the day as well as the preceding night to recover from the fatigues of her journey. There was a conscious embarrassment in her manner, at meeting Somers, which assured him that he did not love in vain. He seized the first moment when they were alone to declare his sentiments; and when she owned he was not indifferent to her, he felt that his cup of bliss was full. In the conversation that ensued, the blushing girl confessed that he had won her heart at Staunton Hall, though she herself, unused to love, was ignorant that the sentiments she entertained for him were other than those of friendship, until his absence, and the pain she experienced at believing him unworthy, revealed to her the true state of her heart. And it was the consciousness of this, and the fear that he had learned to despise her, which made her hesitate so long, when they met, to acknowledge the injustice she had done him.

Major Trevor pressed Somers' hand affectionately, when the wishes of the latter were made known to him, and said,

"God bless you, my dear boy. Most willingly do I confide Eveline to your hands. We are of different political sentiments, but we are still members of the great human family; and, though I shall die, as I have lived, in the faith of my fathers, I will not pretend to infallibility. This unnatural war is now nearly at a close, and the side you espoused is triumphant. Alas! the result has left me a poor man, and I regret only that I have no dower to give with my child."

"Spare your regrets, dear sir," said Somers, "for I have enough for all. No more, if you love me, on that subject."

The wedding of Eveline and Somers was not long deferred, and thenceforth they were supremely happy. A few words on the other characters, and our story will be closed.

Manvers met a deserved fate the year after the peace, being shot by the father of a young woman, in the lower walks of life, whom he had seduced. The avenger escaped to the Indies. The Trevor estates now reverted to Eveline's father as the next heir; and through Somers' influence he was enabled to retain them.

Eph continued nominally with his master after the peace, though his wandering disposition found a voyage to the West Indies, necessary at least twice a year, until old age confined him to Somers' plantation.

From the Monthlies.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR FEBRUARY.

A LETTER TO DICKENS.

A friend of ours connected with the dead letter office, sends us the following epistle to "CHARLES DICKENS, *Esquire*." As the author, who lives somewhere out west, and may not have known the law in the case, failed to prepay the inland postage, it was not forwarded by the steamer; and as Boz has doubtless received enough of the same kind already, we give it a "general circulation" through our magazine.

Dear Sir,—As you wish for a private narration,
Of the cavils that rise at your "notes on this nation,
I've devoted the evenings of two or three Sundays,
(You, I know, are a *liberal*,) to gather the *on dits*.
That was easy enough for the people (the rabble,
Of course,) are quite free with their insolent babble;
But for me to repeat it is quite lacerating.
Though I trust you're above being hurt at such prating.
You urge me to candor, and somebody sings
That *candor* and *candid* are different things;
(Which I dare say you know, for the stores of your knowledge
Are such as could never be gathered at college.)
So here goes for the whole—not the views of a *clique*,
I shall call to my aid neither Latin nor Greek,
But just a plain English, that both of us speak.
You'll allow me at starting to state that a few of us
Are chop-fall'n to find that you've said nothing new of us.
We hop'd from our Pickwick some striking *tableaux*,
And were ready to laugh most "consum'dly at those;
(As indeed when you tickle there's seldom a choice)
But our verdict agrees with the general voice—
That a book, as a book, has not half the profundity
Of that of the club, let alone its jocundity;
And your foes vow there's nothing Pickwickian in it.
Save the "brandy and water" recurring each minute.
As to humor, 'tis thought there is plenty of that,
But 'tis only ill humor, and desp'rately flat.
One *tableau*, you'll kindly permit me to say,
Might have shown up the hubbub in Boston that day
When our magnates and minnows with beau and with belle come
To kiss the "cork soles" in their ardor of welcome;
And you—just conceive of the change that came o'er them!—
Could not keep in your errand, but flung it before them.
And when they bethump'd you with words steep'd in honey,
Just call'd up a smile, but kept bawling for money;
When all eyes seemed in danger of quitting their sockets.
You bowed and grimaced, but still fingered the pockets.
How you, my dear sir, must have relished the fun,
Since you knew long ago how such things should be done*
Oh! rich field for an artist, of forty-Boz power.
(I was going to say,) might be found in that hour!
If you won't undertake it, I'll back my friend Johnson
To give it a touch (in his "scraps" that come on soon)
That shall set the world roaring; and then in a label,
Bursting forth from your lips as you sit at the table,
We'll have—"Shell out your shiners as fast as you can shell!"
"'I no come here for chatter!' but 'something substantial!'"
You'll excuse this digression; my pen ran away
At the thought of that whitest and funniest day.
To return to the strictures: your "notes it is said,
Show a deficit either of heart or of head;
(*Some do say of both*) and that too much strong liquor
Has muddled your brains, 'stead of making them quicker:
And they hint at the fact of your seeing the door
Break loose from its moorings and yawn on the floor,
(Aboard ship) was not one of old Neptune's famed marvels,
But just the "mull'd claret" that glows through your travels.
They are those to your face were as supple as kittens,
Now handle yourself and your books without mittens.
"Six months" for a circuit of thousands of miles,
Has called up a legion of ill-natured smiles.
'Twas a cockney idea, the knowing ones say
And scarce honest, to give such "poor preach for good pay."
Nay, e'en your defenders (I grieve while I'm writing)
Own your satire is stale, and your praise not inviting.
Your spitting and spitters, we think "the fair thing."
And we wish every tourist would give them a fling.
(Though even here, truth is a jewel, you'll own,
And the case did not need that aught else should be shown;)
But we can't, for our lives, 'spite of warm admiration,
Discover the reason for one exclamation—
(It occurs at page fortieth, line twenty-one—)
"Delighted to find ourselves once more alone!"
Now to scrape an acquaintance with dear Mrs. D.,
Scarcely needed the risk of the treacherous sea;
And as to the "maid"—why, to say nothing cross of her,
She was surely no study for such a philosopher.
Please explain in your next. There are further objections
Called up by the tone of your *moral* reflections.
Our forefathers thought that Religion had sense in 't,
At least they felt sure there could be no offence in 't;
But we learn from the "notes" that the theatre's surer
To make saints than the church, since its morals are purer;
And 'tis plain that you'd rather the exquisite Fanny
Should train up your younglings, than "Il Puritani."
But this giving *on dits*—you are not an archbishop—
Yet I own I dislike such opinion to fish up;
And as to advice, it is really a trial,
Yet you urge and insist, and will take no denial
(It must be for the future; what's done can't be undone,
Though I wish you'd been safe in the purlieus of London.)
As the "notes" have accomplished the main point—the *pewter*—
I scarcely dare whisper a caution—*ne sutor*;
Yet truth, which I've praised, prompts this humble suggestion—
Since you've powers, *in one walk*, that no mortal will question,
Better let well alone! husband close your resources;
Make no soaring attempts; try no venturesome courses;
Fall back on your conquests; sit under your laurels;
Don't be greedy of money; don't meddle with morals;
But let alone temp'rance and Hoosiers and hom'ny,
And stick to your cockneys, *et id genus omne*;
The tavern, the play-house, the prison, the circus,
The Puggens at Ramsgate, the boys in the "work 'us,"
And while you have Sam and sweet Nelly to rally by,
When accused of these "notes," I would just "*prove an allebi*."
But my paper is out ere my tale is half finished;
I'll write you again when the tax is diminished;
And hoping we'll soon have the pleasure of hearing,
Remain your devoted AMINADAB PEERING.

* See the reply of old Weller, "Pickwick Papers"—"It's a rum sort of a thing, Sammy, to go a hankering arter any body's property."

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK, FOR FEBRUARY.

EMMA WESTALL.

BY MISS MARY DAVENANT.

"Who is that lady?" asked Mr. Harford of his partner, as a graceful girl moved forward in the dance, at a brilliant party at Mrs. G.'s.

"Do you mean the lady in white, with a diamond *feroniere?*" said Miss Carlisle. "Oh, that is Emma Westall."

"I had not noticed the *feroniere*, but the bright eyes beneath it," said the gentleman, smiling; "but can it be possible that she is the shy little school-girl, that was Emma Westall when I went abroad? It makes me feel quite old to think it."

"You gentlemen appear to think time stands still with us at home, while you are wandering in Europe; but we girls do grow up, although you are not looking at us, and——"

"She is certainly very beautiful," said the gentleman, apparently too much lost in his own reminiscences to be aware of the *gaucherie* of his interruption. Miss Carlisle was a distinguished belle, and was therefore but little pleased with this open acknowledgment of the charms of a rival. She had, however, too much tact to allow this to appear, and only observed that "Miss Westall looked unusually well to-night."

"I should think that with those eyes and with that lovely complexion, she could never look otherwise," he answered.

"Oh, of course not," she replied. "I know Miss Westall very well, and I think her a sweet girl, very pretty, very accomplished, very blue."

"Blue!" he exclaimed, "it is impossible. She is too young."

"Indeed, she is not, I can assure you. She is for ever with her aunt, Miss Selwyn, a noted blue, who is doing her best to make Emma just like herself."

"I remember Miss Selwyn, perfectly," said Mr. Harford, "and have heard her highly spoken of, but did not know she was a learned lady."

"But she is very learned, indeed, and talks about all unintelligible things, and reads all kinds of unintelligible books, in unknown tongues," said Miss Carlisle, laughing.

"She must be a very formidable person," said the gentleman. "You make me afraid to encounter her."

"Oh, to do her justice, I must say she can make herself very agreeable sometimes, even to ignorant people like myself. But when her learned sock is on, and she has any of her choiced spirits about her, she is positively awful. I was at her house one evening, at a little party, and do not think I was ever so tired in my life. There was a French savant, and a German philosopher, and I don't know how many American literati, and they talked so learnedly that my poor ears ached with the effort to take in the hard words to which I could not attach a single idea. But Emma was in her element, and said she enjoyed it greatly."

"A singular taste," said Mr. Harford. "I will, however, trouble you to introduce me, as I fear she has forgotten me."

The introduction was effected, and followed by one from Emma to her mother, who, after the usual fashion of American mammas, was sitting with a row of other chaperons, looking tired to death, and as if she had neither part nor lot in the evening's amusement beyond that of ascertaining by an occasional glance, that her daughter was engaged with eligible partners. She received Mr. Harford with much graciousness, said she remembered him perfectly and was gratified by the renewal of their former acquaintance, a pleasure fully reciprocated by the gentleman, who bowed his acknowledgments, and endeavored to make himself as agreeable as possible for the rest of the evening.

Emma Westall was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, whose family had long occupied a prominent position in society. Emma had been carefully educated, and the rich native soil of her mind had amply repaid the culture that had been bestowed upon it. She was beautiful, intelligent and accomplished, and entered society with all the éclat usually attendant on the favorites of nature and of fortune. Her mother, a worldly-minded woman, loved her daughter sincerely, but was little calculated to enter into the refinement of a character like Emma's: besides, she had other children, who, being younger, required, she thought, more of her attention. She contented herself with giving her daughter the best masters, because such were the fashion, and left her character to be formed by circumstances. Her father was too much occupied by business to interfere much in domestic concerns, but furnished his wife with ample means for carrying out her own plans, both in the arrangements of her family and the education of her daughters. His sons he placed at college, at a distance, and the eldest was expected to graduate at the next annual commencement. Fortunately for Emma, her aunt, Miss Selwyn, a woman of great discrimination and delicacy of character, had made an early discovery of the incapability of Mrs. Westall to train a mind of extreme sensibility, and being both by nature and education peculiarly fitted for the task herself, had so judiciously interposed her influence, that neither mother nor daughter was aware of the extent to which it was exerted. In consequence of it, Emma, during her childhood, remained in blissful ignorance of the thorough worldliness of her mother's character, and it was not until her mind had matured, that she became fully aware of the painful truth. I say *fully* aware, for it is impossible to suppose that no perception of the kind had before darkened the sunshine of her love towards her parent, but she chased it from her as undutiful and sinful, and still continued to adorn her mother's mind with many graces which were but the reflection of her own, imaged in the pure fountain of her affections.

Mr. Harford had recently returned from Europe, after an absence of some years, and it was at one of the earliest parties of the season that he first saw Emma since her childhood. Her beauty and the polish of her manners, matured as they were by two years' intercourse with general society, made their full impression in all the advantages of her evening costume. The progress of the acquaintance so happily commenced Mrs. Westall watched with Argus eyes, which soon made the discovery that it would be Emma's own fault if she did not in due course of time become Mrs. Harford, and be at the head of the elegant establishment to which the gentleman's large fortune would entitle him. In imagination she had already bought the trousseau, celebrated the marriage, and sent the happy pair to Europe, where they might spend a year and then return with the most recherché furniture they could procure in Paris. Could any thing be more delightful! One thing only gave her uneasiness, and this was the apparent indifference of her daughter to the conquest she had made, which she thought, if carried too far, might spoil the whole prospect. She therefore determined to sound her on the subject, and give her a little advice as to the manner she was to adopt in future.

One morning, as Emma and her mother were sitting together, Mrs. Westall led the way to the subject by remarking upon the beauty of some flowers which were in a vase on their work-table.

"And so fragrant, too," added Emma, "they almost make me fancy I am in the garden at dear delightful Brookfields, on a bright summer morning. How I wish it was summer again!"

"A great deal may happen between now and summer," said her mother, significantly.

"True," answered Emma, "there may be clouds as well as sunshine in the future. You are right to remind me of it, mamma."

"Nay, Emma, I had no such idea. On the contrary, I was thinking that if those flowers could speak, they might perhaps whisper a little tale that would make next summer the happiest of your life. That blush is a tell-tale, Emma. Now, if you would only blush so consciously sometimes when the donor is near you, your father and I might soon see our child as happy as she deserves to be."

"I am happy, mamma. I desire no change."

"No change!" said her mother. "Do you not wish to marry, Emma?"

"Not unless I marry a person I could love, and I shall never love Mr. Harford," said Emma, firmly.

"You amaze me, Emma, beyond all power of expression. Pray tell me why you shall not. Have you ever tried?"

"Try! to love!" exclaimed Emma. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Everybody," said her mother; "at least every woman of any sense. You appear to forget, Emma, that a woman cannot go through the world, and choose for herself, but must take such as are offered to her. And such an offer as this! Why, if you were to wait a lifetime, you might never have such another! What earthly objection can you have? I insist upon knowing."

"I cannot reverence him, and the Bible says the wife must see that she reverence her husband. He is a mere man of the world, governed by expediency in all he says and does—is selfish, frivolous, and narrow-minded; in short, he has no great qualities."

"Great nonsense," said her mother, losing all patience. "Mere romantic notions, which every girl under twenty indulges in, and sees the folly of when she is older. Fortunately for you, Emma, you have parents who are wiser than yourself. Your father and I desire this match exceedingly, and it is your duty to try and conform to our wishes. This young man loves you, every action shows it, and he is only waiting for a little encouragement to declare himself. If you persist in this coldness, you will bring upon yourself our serious displeasure, and will moreover have the mortification of seeing that artful Julia Carlisle win him away from you and make him wretched for life, with her horrid temper. I will hear no more, Emma," observing she was about to speak; "remember, obedience is the first duty of a child."

Poor Emma withdrew from the apartment with a heavy heart, abashed by her mother's rebukes, and almost persuaded she was acting sinfully in thus opposing her will. The first impulse was to go to her aunt and confide her troubles to her, but it was snowing hard, and she dared not venture out, so she took the usual satisfaction of young ladies in distress, a hearty cry. Her mother soon after came into the room, and after kissing her affectionately, told her that she had repeated to her father the substance of their conversation, that he thought her a very silly girl who did not know what she was about, and that all he asked of her was to take a few weeks to consider before she took any decided step, treating the gentleman, meantime, with kindness. This Emma promised she would try to do, and peace was once more restored to the family.

And how was the lover affected by Emma's coldness? As is often the case, the doubtfulness of success only increased his desire for it. Mr. Harford was all Emma had described him—a spoiled child of fortune—cold, selfish, and worldly-minded, though eminently handsome, well-bred, and well thought of by the world. Emma's beauty and accomplishments had first attracted his regard, and her gentleness and sweetness convinced him she would make a yielding, submissive wife. These endowments would, however, have been nothing to him, had she been less favored by fashion and by fortune, two deities, at whose shrine Mr. Harford was a reverent worshipper. As it was, her coldness added a pleasing excitement to the pursuit to the blasé man of the world. He determined that if perseverance could win success, success should be his, and Mrs. Westall's fears that the arts of the fair Julia would deprive her of her son-in-law, might have been given to the winds.

Mrs. Westall had not had a doubt of her sister's full concurrence in her wishes until she discovered that Emma was not as dazzled as she had expected by the brilliant prospect before her. She then hastened to her sister to beg her to exert her influence with Emma that she might not throw away her happiness in the way she seemed disposed to do, but behave like a rational woman, and secure the handsome establishment that was courting her acceptance. To her dismay she found Emma's objections echoed still more strongly by her aunt, who, to deprecate her anger, at the same time assured her that far from having attempted to bias Emma's feelings, she had made it a point of conscience not to speak to her at all on a matter in which she felt her own views were at variance with those of her parents, and that as Emma had not entered upon the subject to her, she had no difficulty in keeping her opinions to herself until her sister had thus called them forth. Mrs. Westall then requested she would still continue to occupy a neutral ground, which she readily promised to do, "unless," added she, "I find Emma needs my advice and sympathy, when it must of right be hers, and if I see her really unhappy I must solicit her confidence even though she does not ask for mine."

In the mean time Emma was trying to fulfil the promise she had made to her father, and determined to make an honest effort to discover if there was not some latent spark of greatness under the cold conventional polish which was so repulsive to the warmth of her own nature. Mr. Harford professed a fondness for the fine arts, but Emma felt that in poetry, the smoothness of the verse—in painting, the finish of the coloring—in music, the harmony of the tone, were all he could appreciate. The eye, the ear, the taste were gratified, but beyond these porches of the inner sanctuary he could not enter, and when she would speak their revelations to her own soul, would smile superciliously, and call it "charming enthusiasm." Who has not felt the spirit shrink to its inmost depths after such contact as this; "he is of the earth—earthy," thought Emma, and she felt there was a great gulf between them.

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"Upon what are you thinking so intensely?" said Miss Selwyn to her niece, as they were sitting one evening by the quiet fireside of her small but tastefully furnished parlor. Both ladies had been reading, but Emma's book had for some time been lying neglected on the table, and she was gazing upon the fire with an earnestness that had attracted the attention of Miss Selwyn. Emma blushed, as she turned her face towards her aunt, and pointed to a passage in the book she had been reading. "I was thinking," said she, "how exactly my own experience confirmed the truth of this observation."

Miss Selwyn took the book and read aloud, "It is possible that our repugnance to cold and hard minds is a sublime sort of instinct—an instinct which apprizes us that such beings, even when their conduct is estimable, act mechanically or by calculation, and that it is impossible that any true sympathy can exist between us and them."

"You were making, I suppose, an individual application of the remark, for no general one would have thrown you into the brown study in which you have been indulging for some time past. Shall I guess to whom?"

"Do you not think it may be generally applied?" answered Emma, evasively.

"To all 'cold and hard minds,' undoubtedly," said Miss Selwyn, "but as it is not often they ask for more than the outward sympathy of refined and elevated natures, it is easy to grant them that small gift, and reserve the true feeling for such only as are able to requite it."

"But if it seems to be a duty, aunt?" said Emma.

"That is quite a different consideration," answered her aunt. "If we are by the appointment of Providence placed among those to whom the inner sanctuary of our hearts is a sealed book—parents, brothers, and sisters, for instance—it is a misfortune, doubtless; but here the call of duty is imperative, and from duty must proceed all those offerings of affection which have a much more lovely but perhaps less holy source in mutual sympathy. But it was not of this that Madame de Stael was thinking when she made the remark, nor you when applying it. Confess, Emma, it was Mr. Harford that was occupying your mind's eye just now, was it not?"

"It was, indeed," said Emma, with a sad voice, "and I cannot tell how this miserable business is to end. Each day increases my repugnance to complying with my parents' wishes, for each day's intercourse convinces me that there is a want of that true congeniality between us, without which I never can be happy."

"And yet Mr. Harford is handsome, rich, well born, well bred, well informed. What more do you ask?"

"I ask feeling, soul, high and holy aspirations after all that is good and beautiful and glorious in this life and in the next," answered Emma with enthusiasm. "A spirit before which my own could bow—to whom I could trust its guidance—to whom obedience would be happiness. One who would foster all that is elevated in my nature, instead of crushing by his own worldliness the endeavors of my soul to look beyond the world. Oh, my dear aunt, you who have been this ministering spirit to me, who have led me by precept and example to cherish these feelings as my highest, holiest treasure,—you cannot join with my family in promoting this marriage."

"No, my beloved child, I cannot," said Miss Selwyn, as she tenderly embraced her niece, who had hid her burning face in her bosom, "I cannot aid in doing what my heart tells me would be wrong—deep wrong—to a loving nature. You, my Emma, are formed to live in your affections, and it must be a noble being that can call them forth in all their power. I have not until now, interfered in this matter, for my heart told me you would discover what your parents have not, that his character is not suited to your own. But you must beware, Emma, of taking one so little worldly wise as I am into your counsels, for you see all that my romantic ideas have done for me, left me a solitary old maid, when I might have been far differently situated. Have you counted the cost thus far? Should you not realize this ideal, have you courage to live unloved?"

"You are not unloved," cried Emma; "who is loved more fondly than you by all on whom you bestow affection? Do not talk of being unloved!"

"Yet Providence has wisely ordered it that woman's highest happiness is to be found in the exercise of her highest duties, and it is as wife and mother that the pure and lovely attributes of her nature shine in their fullest perfection. That seeking of the heart for something without itself, which can satisfy its yearning for an entire sympathy, proves that we are imperfect beings without it, and marriage, the appointment of God himself. But, tell me, Emma, have you ever yet seen any one towards whom you felt you could yield this reverence of spirit you were just now speaking of; or is it merely an ideal being you have described?"

"I have seen those I think greatly superior to Mr. Harford," answered Emma.

"That is not the answer to my question, Emma; I shall suspect you, if you are not perfectly frank with me."

"Do not ask me, aunt," said Emma, with tears; "until within this week past I believe my affections to be entirely free, but the utter repugnance I feel to the thoughts of marrying any but one, convinces me that if he had chosen me, I might have been as happy as I now am miserable."

"And you have given your heart, unsought, Emma. This is indeed unlooked for."

"Do not reproach me, aunt," said Emma, passionately, "I am humbled enough in my own consciousness of having bestowed my affections upon one who perhaps thinks not of me; but I did not know till lately, it was more than admiration of his character, and the love I might naturally feel for such a cousin."

"Yet you must know, Emma, that even if Thornton sought your hand, your parents would never consent to your marrying him. Poor, and struggling for his daily bread, could they ever allow their child, so tenderly nurtured, to partake of his poverty? No, Emma, this is madness. I can now understand your reluctance to speak to me on the subject of Mr. Harford's addresses. You knew I would discover what you wished concealed."

"I know and feel all the misery of my present condition. I feel that I have acted unworthily, in suffering this affair with Mr. Harford to proceed so far, but I did it ignorantly, not knowing the state of my own heart."

"And what led to the discovery?"

"That letter from Frederic, telling us how ill Mr. Thornton had been. The agony I felt on hearing of his danger, opened my eyes to the truth, and I have been miserable ever since. I went directly to my father and told him I could never marry Mr. Harford, and he seemed greatly troubled, and said it was a great grief to him, that I would not yield to his wishes in this matter. He has been in low spirits lately, and it seems to me wicked to distress him more. I am sure I don't know what to do."

Miss Selwyn gently soothed her niece, and sent her home somewhat comforted, but after she had left her, remained in great perplexity herself. This discovery of the state of Emma's heart, gave her infinite pain, and she now wondered at her own blindness, that she had not before perceived it.

No two characters could form a stronger contrast than the object on whom Emma had bestowed her affections and the one to whom her parents wished them directed. Thornton Ellwood was the orphan son of a cousin of Mr. Westall's and had been educated under the impression that he would inherit a large estate in one of the southern states. His father was a mere man of pleasure, but his mother was one of those gentle spiritualized beings, who too often find in this world no worthy resting place, and was therefore soon removed to a more congenial abode. After her death, when Thornton was about twelve years old, his father married a fashionable belle, who was too much occupied with herself to take much interest in the delicate boy thus confided to her care. He was therefore, sent to New England for his education, and, in his annual visits to the home of his childhood, had been made to feel the difference between the mother he had lost and her who now occupied her place. His father sought his pleasures abroad, and the tender affections of his heart, thus driven from their natural channel, shaped to themselves another course. He became an enthusiast of nature.

"Every sight
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses."

He would wander for hours in the woods surrounding his home, and there revel in the enjoyment of the beauties his great mother so lovingly displayed to him. With this, too, was associated the image of his departed parent, who had ever loved to lead her boy to the favorite woodland haunts, and there imprint her highest lessons on his mind. As he advanced in years and intellectual culture, he delighted to people these solitudes with creatures of the imagination, sometimes with the graceful Naiads and woodland nymphs of classic days; again with the Undines and fairies of modern story, and other "shapes that haunt the wilderness of thought." But it was only when at home, and at intervals, that he was allowed free indulgence in these vagaries, for an insatiable thirst for knowledge grew with his increasing years. The native strength of his intellect, and his devoted application to study, rendered his success at college complete, and his imaginative turn of mind and poetic taste marked out for him, in the opinion of his instructors, a career of great literary brilliancy. On his return home, however, the energy that distinguished him at college seemed to have deserted him. No kindred minds there aroused him to activity, and though he still lived among his books, and still was alive to all the beauties of the external world, his mind was more acted upon than active, and he was fast sinking into a dreamy indolent forgetfulness of all life's highest duties. The sudden death of his father, and the subsequent discovery that his estate was insolvent, first aroused him to that

"Sense of past youth and manhood come in vain,
And genius given and knowledge won in vain,"

so bitter to experience. But what was to be done? He was now twenty-three years of age, without a profession, and without the means of maintenance while he prepared himself for one. Friends came forward with offers of pecuniary aid, but from this his high ideas of independence revolted. After some deliberation, he determined to return to the north, and offer himself as a tutor in the college where he had been educated, and thus procure the means of living. His cousin, Mr. Westall, offered him a place in his counting house, and a home in his family, if he would consent to remain with them, but his resolution was taken, and forthwith carried into execution. He had been in the habit of paying occasional visits to his relatives, and as they were mostly in the country when he was with them, he would frequently take the little Emma by the hand, (for she was many years his junior) and wander with her through the picturesque scenery of the neighborhood, unconsciously pouring into the child's delighted ear, the rich stream of eloquence his intense admiration of its beauties would call forth. Even after she grew to womanhood, this dangerous companionship continued, but as Thornton had none of the exterior qualities that usually captivate a girlish fancy, and his position in society was now so humble, no one ever dreamed of the possibility of Emma ever becoming too strongly interested in him. As Miss Selwyn now reviewed this intercourse, she endeavored to call to mind some look, tone, or incident that might lead her to judge whether there was any reciprocation, on his part, of the feeling Emma had avowed; but she sought in vain, and Emma's assertion that he thought not of her, was, she believed, the mortifying truth.

Emma had so earnestly entreated her not to betray this weakness to her parents, that Miss Selwyn was obliged to promise silence, but did not feel quite satisfied with herself for having done so until she learned from Emma, a few days after, that she had come to an explanation with Mr. Harford, and declined the acceptance of his offered hand. The poor girl was, however, disappointed in her expectation that this éclaircissement would relieve her from her embarrassment. Mr. Harford possessed none of the sensibility which would lead him to withdraw attentions which he knew were not acceptable. Though his self-esteem was a little wounded, he determined to continue them, and as she could not reject his offered friendship, he was saved the mortification of appearing to have been refused. Mr. and Mrs. Westall, ignorant as they were of the true state of their daughter's affections, hoped every thing from time and assiduity, and endeavored to make the society at their house as attractive to Mr. Harford as possible.

So passed away the winter months. Emma struggling against her secret attachment, busying herself by her aunt's advice in the study of a foreign language, (that best of antidotes against the indulgence of sickly fancies,) going into society, and endeavoring to appear interested in associations that were now doubly insipid to her.

The spring came on, bright, glorious, and clothing all nature in robes of beauty, but bringing to many homes sorrow and deprivation. It was the troubled spring of 1837, when the dark storm of financial distress which has since desolated our land, sent forth its first low thunders. The failure of a house connected with that of Mr. Westall, not only stripped him of the savings of a life of industry, but also involved him in responsibilities to a considerable amount. The confidence felt in him by his numerous friends was such that he was spared the mortification of a failure; but as he was now a poor man and wished to remain an honest one, it was necessary he should reduce his expenses and make a total change in his style of living. Poor Mrs. Westall was overwhelmed by this stroke, and far from being able to support her husband under his sorrows, only added to them by her lamentations and upbraidings.

"She could not see," she said, "why they should be obliged to leave their house and sell their furniture more than the G.'s and H.'s who had failed, absolutely failed, and still continued to enjoy theirs. The carriage and the country seat might be given up, and she use a hack when necessary, and take the children in summer to country lodgings—that she thought was as great a sacrifice as they need be called upon to make. Times would soon be better, and it was sinful to think of lowering the position of their children in society just for the sake of other people's debts."

It was in vain her husband and her sister endeavored to change her views, and to persuade her that she might possibly be happy without the gewgaws to which she attached such value. Miss Selwyn then offered to give up her establishment and come and reside with her sister that she might add her small income to theirs, but to this plan Mr. Westall would not listen for a moment.

"The debts were his," he said, "and by his own self-denial and industry he would pay them. His sister-in-law's little home was very dear to her he knew, and she should not leave it while he had health and strength to labor for his family. The sooner they made a change the better, and his wife would then be obliged to submit to what was inevitable."

With these views he took a house just large enough to accommodate his family, and to Mrs. Westall's horror, in an unfashionable part of the town; thither, under the superintendence of Miss Selwyn and Emma, (for her mother was too ill to exert herself so far,) the plainest and most necessary part of their furniture was removed. The only article of mere luxury that was retained was Emma's piano-forte, which her father would not suffer her to give up, for he dearly loved her music, and wished her to instruct her little sisters in an accomplishment so delightful to him. The rest of their splendid furniture was consigned to the hammer, and the family as soon as possible settled in their new abode. Emma shed many secret tears over their altered prospects, but the sacrifice that cost more than all the rest was that of their country home, endeared to her by so many tender associations;—but her heart told her that these had now become too dangerous, and that it was well for her they were thus rudely torn asunder. Her domestic duties now engrossed much of her attention, and she was obliged to give up a great portion of the time she had hitherto devoted to her own improvement, to what she used to think menial occupations. This was very hard at first; but the effort to bend inclination to duty is a healthful one, and she soon began to take interest in her various employments, and to feel contented and happy while engaged in them.

Mrs. Westall now renewed with greater zeal than ever her efforts to alter Emma's views with regard to Mr. Harford, and was more than ever displeased at her firmness in persisting in them. That gentleman had appeared to sympathise very deeply in their misfortunes, but Emma soon began to be aware that a "change had come o'er the spirit of his dream," with regard to her. Her mother would, however, see no such thing.

"Was he not the very first to come and see them in their new house, had he not been there frequently and did he not show them every attention?"

This was all true, but Emma felt that she was right, and only said that "time would show."

Mr. Harford did feel as sorry as his nature would allow him, for the reverse of his friends. He also felt more sorry for himself, in being obliged to give up the idea of marrying so lovely a creature as Emma. But that he, with all his disadvantages of person and fortune, should throw himself away upon the daughter of a ruined man, was not, to be thought of, and he must now withdraw from the field as quietly as possible. It would have been an outrage upon his own sense of propriety at once to turn his back upon a fallen friend; he, therefore, visited at Mr. Westall's as usual, for a few weeks, then rather less frequently, giving his numerous engagements and the long walk to their house as an excuse for his remissness. At last Mrs. Westall was shocked by hearing through a gossiping friend, that it was reported he was engaged to the object of her old jealousy, Miss Julia Carlisle. This amiable young lady had so judiciously administered her flattery, and so soothed his self-complacency, a little wounded by Emma's refusal, that she had greatly won upon his regards. Her efforts to charm him were redoubled after Mr. Westall's misfortunes, (in which she truly rejoiced) and as she was reported to be rich and was certainly fashionable, he at length offered himself, and was accepted.

As rumor with her thousand tongues conveyed to Mrs. Westall's ear, the tidings of the brilliant preparations the bride elect was making for her marriage, her reproaches to her daughter were neither few nor gentle. Emma was therefore greatly relieved when the wedding was fairly over and the embarkation of the happy pair for another continent, withdrew them from the eyes of the gossiping world, and allowed her mother's mind to dwell on something else than the establishment she had so wilfully thrown away.

As the summer advanced, Emma began to anticipate the arrival of her brothers from college. They came, and with them, Thornton Ellwood; a very unwilling guest they said, but they had forced him to consult Dr. H., for he had never recovered as he ought to have done from the illness he had had in the winter. His friends were alarmed at his altered appearance, but were assured by the physician that they might expect his health would be restored by entire relaxation from study, as he had probably overtasked his mind while weak from illness. Emma trembled when she looked at him, and as she thought of all his noble aspirations, all the longings of his soul after perfection in goodness, beauty, and truth, she felt a foreboding that they were about having their perfect realization in a higher state of being.

All her intentions of avoiding his society—all her fears of betraying the secret of her heart vanished before this conviction. To her aunt alone could she pour out all her sorrows, all her fears. Miss Selwyn calmed her apprehensions with regard to his danger, although she acknowledged he looked ill and unhappy, and advised Emma to try and win him from dwelling on his own weakness by cheerful society and conversation, and promised to aid the family in their efforts to rouse him from the melancholy that oppressed him. Miss Selwyn was grieved to find how little progress Emma had evidently made in her efforts to subdue her attachment, and indulged in many bitter reflections on the hard fate of woman, gifted as she is with the power to appreciate, and the heart to feel all that is good and noble in the other sex, and yet too often at the peril of her own happiness yielding it to the tribute of her admiration. Emma's anxiety about Thornton led her to exert to the utmost her powers of pleasing. She would play for him, sing for him, read to him out of his favorite authors and discuss their beauties, and while thus engaged, Thornton would rouse from his depression, and be like his former self. Sometimes, when Emma's fears unconsciously imparted to her voice and manner a touching tenderness, he would gaze at her with a fixedness that recalled her to herself, and then sink into a deep abstraction. These symptoms were closely watched by Miss Selwyn, who at last began to suspect that Emma's attachment was possibly returned. Might it not be the conflict between a passion for her and his high sense of duty and honor which forbade his making any effort to win her while in his present depressed circumstances, preying on a mind of extreme sensibility, that had thus reduced him! But what comfort could she derive from this idea! What hope that Emma's parents would ever consent to her union with one so poor as he! She knew they would not, and could she with this conviction make any efforts to gain Thornton's confidence, or communicate her hopes to Emma, when they might all prove illusory!

As she was one day sitting, absorbed in such thoughts as these, she heard a quick foot upon the stairs, and Emma soon after entered her chamber with a face of the greatest excitement, saying,

"Dear aunt, have you heard the news! Thornton is made a professor in —— College. Mr. K. has resigned, and he has been elected in his place."

"I rejoice to hear it, Emma; and only hope it may make him as happy as it seems to have made you. My child, what ails you? You are hysterical!" for the bright face that had entered the room was now suffused with tears.

"Oh, aunt, I am too happy. I feel that I can hardly bear it."

"Quick, Emma! is it as I hoped? Thornton has long loved you."

"He has—he has—but had it not been for this blessed appointment would have died sooner than have told me. Was it not cruel, aunt! Think of the misery we both have endured."

"Thank Heaven, if you are happy now; but tell me all about it."

Emma was too much agitated to give a very intelligible account of matters, so we will briefly tell those who may be interested in her concerns—that the report that had reached Thornton of Emma's engagement to Mr. Harford, first revealed to him that he had long loved her, just before the news of the illness that the discovery produced had led Emma to the knowledge of the state of her affections. Even after he was undeceived with regard to her engagement, the conviction that she could never be his while he could offer her so few worldly advantages, and the improbability that she would think of loving one who had so few personal ones, had preyed upon his mind so as to prevent his recovering. He then endeavored by literary effort to win his way to fame and competence, but the conflict of his feelings had exhausted even his intellectual energies, and he felt that he could produce nothing worthy of himself. Emma's devotion to him since he had last been with her, had first awakened in his heart a trembling hope that she might not be indifferent to him, and the moment that he learned of his improved prospects, he hastened to confide to her the long cherished secret of his deep affection, and heard in return of

"The love she had pour'd so freely forth,
And her boundless trust in his real worth."

Mrs. Westall could not conceal her dissatisfaction when this state of affairs was made known to her. That her daughter should prefer a poor man that had neither beauty nor fashion to recommend him, to one so infinitely his superior, was to her incomprehensible, and she never sees Mr. Harford's splendid equipage roll by that she does not sigh over the disappointment of her ambitious projects. But think you, fair reader, that Emma loving and beloved by her husband, now a bright star in our literary horizon, has any sighs for earthly pomp? Believe me, no—in her high appreciation of his talents, in her deep reverence for his piety, in her constant experience of his affection, she feels she possesses greater treasures than the fleeting ones of earth, for they are enduring as the soul in which they have their dwelling.

United States
SATURDAY POST.

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OUR WEEKLY CHAT.

Having found abundance of material of all descriptions, literary, news and miscellaneous for this day's paper, our own corner is of course limited; and we shall make little use to-day of the privilege of being egotistical, which "chat" always supposes; but release the dutiful reader who commences at the beginning, with very little preface.

On our outside to-day is completed the novel entitled "The Southern Whig," and on our last page is commenced a deeply interesting story from Graham's Magazine. We need not bespeak the reader's attention to it. In our next paper will be given the concluding lecture by Dr. Bethune, as also, the last of the lectures upon the French Revolution. We notice that some of our contemporaries in their fear of giving proper credit, publish these lectures as "by Dr. Lardner" without acknowledging the source from whence they get them. In doing this they add a "no-such-thing" to their unneighborly jealousy, as Dr. Lardner never sees the lectures, unless he reads the Post.

The weather which last week was exceedingly mild and springlike, opened on Monday as fickle as a miss in her teens; and sunshine and calm were alternated with wind and spots of hail, snow and rain. There is, however, this consolation,—that winter and the session of Congress will soon be over. Six weeks is longer than the course of either can last; though, peradventure we may have some squalls political and squalls of wind out of the usual course.

OUR SUCCESS.

Notwithstanding the hard times in every section of the United States we have been rapidly gaining subscribers for the last four months. No winter season has been more promising, and we feel assured that intelligence by means of family newspapers is becoming daily more widely spread. As far as we can learn, increase has attended the exertions of every cotemporary. It will scarcely be credited when we state that we have added over two thousand subscribers to our list in the last sixty days, and that "the cry is still they come," by fifties and eighties in the the mails of each day. In the Magazines issued from this establishment there has been a corresponding success—Graham has already done a larger business than in any former year by over four thousand subscribers, and the Lady's World has added to its list 1000 more subscribers in the last three months than during the whole year preceding. All this argues well for the intellect of the country, and if people do not make fortunes as fast as formerly, they seem disposed to lose nothing in intelligence. At the first glance it would seem, that publishers are doing better than any other class, but whoever looks at the improvements in periodicals of all sorts for the last four years, will see that the increase of subscription finds a vent in enlarged expenditures and liberality, forced out by the very laws of trade and competition. It is utterly idle for a man to expect in this age to go to sleep over his business and realize a fortune—if he attempts it, he will wake and find his business fled to other hands. There is perhaps no department of trade, that requires more unceasing watchfulness at the present time than printing. Competition has acted healthfully in this, that while it benefits the public, it imposes upon every man the necessity of strict attention to his business matters.

R. W. EMERSON.

This gentleman commenced on Monday evening in this city, the delivery of a course of lectures upon New England. Two or three of them yet remain to be given. At the commencement of the first lecture, Mr. Emerson intimated that the theme chosen was one intended more as a hook upon which to hang the thoughts he had to utter, than as a subject to which he should strictly confine himself. Of this remark, which we have paraphrased rather than reported, we judge the full tenor to be: That from the history and character of New England, he should generalize over the whole ground, past, present, and future, over all worlds, material and immaterial, all kingdoms real and ideal, all men, external and internal, all fact assumed and recorded, all opinion theoretical and experimental,—in fine, over the universe generally in all stages of its progress; not forgetting a sort of Professor Espy management of the moral, mental, or mystic atmosphere, with which transcendentalists clothe things positive, and notions supposed. How he will succeed in his mental meteorology remains to be seen; and whether he can allay in the minds of his hearers the mists of doubt, and the driving storms of fancy to which he subjects them, and in which he professes to find a plan and a system of order, remains to be seen.

It is not to be denied that he is eloquent. So might a landsman be if, having discarded compass, and refused the aid of the experience of others, and the demonstrations of admitted and time established truth, he put himself adrift in mid ocean, to study the stars without the trammels of "old conservative astronomy." He might look for the "new" in such a "transition state," till his head ached, and although his description of his position, and his utterance of his thoughts, would be painfully eloquent, or forcibly terrible, all the "new" he should discover would not be of such practical benefit to the world, as a seventy years old cod fisherman's "determination of his faculties to externals," (Mr. Emerson's definition of common sense,) applied to the taking of cod and haddock.

And although we should much rather trust our safety to the "conservative" seamanship of the cod fisherman aforesaid, though his dull eyes were tamely fixed on his compass and his horny hands on his tiller, than to the theory of the transcendentalist adrift, with his eloquent eyes wildly rolling on the stars which he could not clear,—still we should like much to hear the latter's rhapsody, provided our feet were well moored on a safe bottom. So we shall certainly hear all that Mr. E. has to say, and we must honestly admit that he utters much truth, that his errors are suggestive of thought, if not of always safe safe thought; and that his wit is pleasant if his exaggeration is monstrous, and his hyperbole does outpistol Ancient Pistol.

DEATH OF T. W. WHITE.

We are truly pained to record the death of Thos. W. White, editor and publisher of the Southern Literary Messenger. In September last, while on a visit to New York he was attacked by paralysis. For two months he was unable to undertake a return to Richmond, and during that period received the unremitting attentions of a large circle of friends, to whom his simplicity and genuine kindness of character had endeared him. When he took passage for Richmond he had so far recovered that he was sanguine in the hope of renewed health and usefulness. His friends, however, foreboded the worst, and the event has justified their fears.

His character is thus summed by the editor of the Tribune:—"Mr. White, while making no pretensions to authorship, has done very much for the cause of American, and especially Southern, Literature, to which he has devoted himself for some years with singleness of purpose and energy of character. Generous in disposition, ardent in affection, and guileless in heart, he was widely and tenderly beloved; and his death must cause many aching hearts, even out of the circle of his deeply bereaved family. We trust the Messenger will pass into the hands of some worthy successor."

The papers in his own town and section of country are eloquent in their expressions of grief, at an event which is no common bereavement, but the loss of a dear friend and valued citizen.

AFFGHAN AIR.

The English papers report that the restored prisoners were all in the highest health. The fresh air and exercise of the mountains appearing to have benefitted them more than the want of the luxuries of India injured them. The total number, including natives, which have been recovered, will amount to upwards of 2000. Of these, 130 are Europeans, 327 Sepoys found at Ghuznee, and 1200 sick and wounded, who went begging about Cabul. The smallness of the number of the skeletons discovered in the passes, leads to the belief that the annihilation of the army was less complete than was for a long time universally supposed. In such case much of the malediction which has been visited upon the Affghans will be found to have been misapplied. We can never be sure of the truth until we hear both sides—and not always then.

THE STEAMER UNION.

We have frequently written notices of this vessel, as her machinery is of a new and experimental character; and much depends upon the result. She recently went from the Washington Navy Yard to Norfolk, under command of Lieut. Hunter, the inventor of the new plan upon which she is constructed. We are pleased to see by the annexed extract from a letter written on board of her to the editors of the National Intelligencer, that gratifying results have attended the experiment so far both as respects speed and efficiency:

"The United States steamer Union, under the command of Lieut. Hunter, slipped her moorings about 9 o'clock this morning, (from the Washington Navy Yard,) and, against a stiff head wind, passed off down the river at the rate of 8½ knots per hour. Time from Navy Yard to Alexandria, forty minutes. We consider this a most satisfactory result as her trip to Norfolk is made especially for the purpose of reducing her propellers, which, against the opinion of all the world (Lieut. H. and officers excepted,) are found too large for a high velocity.

There was something very mysterious in the appearance of this vessel, as, without any external show of her locomotive power, she silently glided away from the wharf, leaving a wake so placid that an egg shell might have ridden upon it in safety—a fact which removes all the objections heretofore made to steam navigation on canals; and we can offer to the sympathising friends of the firemen and engineers the assurance that the thermometer stands no higher than 86 degrees Fahrenheit in any part of the engine-room.

You would hardly realize that the vessel is in motion or the engine at work. So free are we from all the disagreeable jarring and noises of ordinary steamers, that any old lady accustomed to the sound of her coffee-mill might cross the Atlantic with us, without endangerment of her nerves."

HIGHLY INDECOROUS.

At a State Temperance Convention in New Jersey, Gov. Pennington, of that State being present, several oblique hints to sign the pledge were given him. Of these he took no notice. At length one of the ladies present arose and called upon him by name to come and sign the pledge. The Governor, thus appealed to, could no longer sit quiet, he accordingly smiled, bowed, and replied to the suggestion in a neat address, in which he declared his willingness to aid as far as possible the cause of temperance; but at the same time stated, that he never did things without due reflection, and should therefore decline the invitation, in all due respect for those present. Almost immediately upon the Governor's taking his seat, a hissing followed on the part of a large number present. Now the lady above mentioned may be exceedingly pretty—but we are sure upon this evidence that she is not uniformly lady like. The calling upon a man, obliquely or directly, whether he be a private individual or a public character, in the manner above related is as unwarrantable as it is impolite; and we honor Gov. Pennington as highly for refusing to be browbeaten, and declining to exhibit subservience to this sort of dictation, as we pity the persons who followed the first insult paid him, by a chorus of goose insult, in their own natural language.

THE WESTERN WATERS.

Some idea of the importance of the removal of obstructions from the navigable channels of the Western waters, will be gathered from the annexed paragraphs, which we cut from the Baltimore American:

"The extent of Western inland navigation, including the Mississippi, Missouri, the Ohio rivers and their tributaries, is estimated at *twelve thousand miles.* When it is considered through what immense regions these rivers flow—how fertile, how abundant in resources—and that vast portions are yet but sparsely settled, and but partially productive, in view of what they may be made to yield—the amount of tonnage already employed in those waters, though a large aggregate in itself, will but constitute the beginning of that mighty mass one day destined to move along those interior streams freighted with the rich products of industry.

"The annual losses on the Western waters from obstructions to navigation are so great, as to affect very seriously the charges for insurance and the rates of freight. It has been apprehended that insurance offices would decline to take risks. When it was known that the obstructions thus dangerous, may be removed, and that the expense of the work would be small in comparison with the annual losses, does it not become an important matter for the consideration and the efficient action of the Government?"

RAPID COMMUNICATION.

The remark has often been made that the iron rails with which this country is traversed, will prove among the strongest bonds of union which are in future time to cement the confederacy. Sectional prejudices are either forgotten or removed by frequent communication; and the most distant sections of the country become neighbors. A few years ago a journey from Boston to Cincinnati was the work of a month, and even now the distance as at present travelled makes the two cities strangers to each other. But, when the Sandusky rail-road is finished, Cincinnati will be within three days of Boston. From Cincinnati to the Lake, the distance may be accomplished easily in sixteen hours; a magnificent steam packet will then receive the passengers and transport them to Buffalo in twenty hours, and from Buffalo to Boston they will go by rail-road, say in thirty-four hours; the whole distance from Cincinnati to Boston requiring only seventy hours. Does this prediction startle any one? In a few years it will pass into history, and be regarded as a very common place fact.

METEOROLOGY.

In connection with the storms upon the Lakes, the Hudson Observer has some excellent hints upon Meteorology. One hundred lives were lost in the storm of November. The Observer thinks that the gale could have been anticipated, and says:—"All the operations of nature are subject to fixed laws. Storms form no exception to this rule. These laws may be learned by faithful study. The science of meteorology is new, and but few general principles are yet discovered. Imperfect, however, as the science is, it was competent to predict the present gale. On the morning of the 15th, the barometer at this place was high, with a westerly breeze. About noon the wind veered to southeast, and the barometer began to fall. The wind continued from the same quarter, and the barometer fell steadily, till Thursday, 7 A. M., when it stood at 28, 118. Such a fall of the barometer under an easterly wind, has never been observed at this place without being speedily succeeded by a violent gale from the west."

"HEART BROKEN."

The weatherwise in New England are of opinion that, as we have had no winter worth talking about, we are to have none this season. The New England Farmer quotes the opinion of a very intelligent weather watcher, that, usually about the last of February, or early in March, something in the atmosphere gives to light, just before the rising and just after the setting of the sun, a peculiar tint—saffron colored—or what painters would call a warm tint. This appearance is soon followed by a thaw, which is the breaking up of winter. This softened light is "the aurora of spring." Such a light was observed this winter on the 25th of December, and the following days. On December 26, this peculiar appearance led the gentleman above referred to, to say that "the winter is broken," although we had then, and for several days following, no other sign of the nine days thaw that has since occurred. We had again on Saturday and also on Sunday last, the same peculiar, spring-promising light.

FIRE IN BROOKLYN.

A great fire occurred in Brooklyn, N. J., on Sunday last. It originated in the basement of a small building on the west side of Main street, between Fulton and James, and in a short time the stores of W. P. Bennet & Son, shoe dealers; P. Taylor, & Co. Jewellers; C. B. Brower's hosiery and linen stores; Thomas Watson, shoemaker; Mr. Carter, bookseller; C. J. Blagrove, apothecary; Mr. Bleecher, dry goods; Mrs. Godfrey, fancy goods; Mrs. Hempstead, confectionary; Mrs. Bonker and Van Cleve, dry goods; extending on Main street from James to Fulton, and down Fulton to the four story brick store of Mr. Stetson, were wrapped in flames; the great height of Mr. S.'s building stopped it from proceeding further.

SOCRATES, PLATO AND PYTHAGORAS.

In noticing the last Lecture of the Rev. Mr. Bethune, before the Athenian Institute, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it a monument of human skill, argument, profound research, just reflection and intellectual power. The moral opinions of Socrates, Plato and Pythagoras, are ably and lucidly developed; with notices of the lives of those ancient giants of thought and study—while the God-like attributes of Christianity are pointed to, as high and triumphant above them all. A long course of reading would be required by the previously uninformed, to gain the knowledge which is poured out in a full stream in that single lecture, a copious sketch of which will be found in another part of this day's Post.

SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

The tenth Annual Report of the "Female Seamen's Friend Society of Philadelphia" has been published, and presents an account of the operations and prosperity of the Institution, which while it gladdens the heart of the philanthropist, demonstrates the necessity of his continued assistance to a good cause.

THE CLIMAX.

A story told in the Cincinnati Sun certainly puts the climax on the science and practice of impudence. Sheridan, in all his glory, never did any thing which would bear comparison with it. It would seem that a man in Cincinnati, about six months since hired a house of a wealthy landlord, a Mr. Longworth. A few days ago Mr. L., called on his tenant who had not paid one cent of rent, and asked him to leave the house as there were other poor people with whom he sought to take his turn. The fellow probably calculated the cost of moving and the amount he would have to pay in advance before he could get another place, which in all amounted to twelve dollars. This sum Mr. Longworth paid without hesitation, and the man started in quest of a house my turn—met Mr. Longworth's agent—agreed for a *better house* than the one he left and moved into it without paying anything in advance.

AN AMERICAN SLAVER.

The Governor of the Colony of Liberia, says the Journal of Commerce, in a despatch addressed to the Executive Committee of the American Colonization Society of the 5th of June last, states that on his arrival at Bassa Cove, which place he visited in February, 1842, he found anchored there a fast sailing schooner belonging to New York. The Captain refused to pay any port charges, in defiance of the authorities, who had no means of forcing a compliance with their regulations. The supercargo of the vessel was a Spaniard. The Governor told him he knew him to be a slaver, and ordered him to leave the settlement. The vessel soon got under way and stood up the coast, but in ten or fifteen days returned, and in twelve hours took in a cargo of 250 slaves and put to sea.

HYDROPHOBIA.

An accidental cure for hydrophobia has been stumbled upon in Europe. At Udine, in Friuli, a poor man lying under the frightful tortures of hydrophobia was cured with some draughts of vinegar, given him by mistake instead of another potion. A physician at Padua got intelligence of this event at Udine, and tried the same remedy upon a patient at the hospital, administered to him a pound of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a third at sunset, and, the man was speedily and perfectly cured. Should this prove well authenticated, and an actual specific, instead of an accidental relief, great will be the good. And, in a scientific point of view, it may be the means of defining, somewhat, the true character of the disease.

THE PALENQUE RUINS.

The Rev. Dr. Hawkes, who is lecturing in New York on the ruins of Central America, is endeavoring to prove that the temples belonging to Pagans, and the images, or idols, upon them, correspond with the mythology of Asia, so that he is thus connecting by the closest ties, the ancient inhabitants of America and of Asia,—the proof being the idols of both lands. We hope that the learned lecturer may be induced to elaborate and correct his performance for the press. Thousands who cannot hear, would be delighted to read them; and even those who hear the lectures would like calmly to analyse their argument, and weigh their conclusions.

BEAUTIES OF WAR.

The losses of the Chinese, since the commencement of hostile operations against them by the British, are estimated at from fifteen to twenty thousand men, and about eighteen hundred pieces of cannon, with an immense quantity of other materials of war, and the almost total annihilation of their navy. To these evils in the gross, are to be added all the horrors in detail, which as they make no part of the "glory" of war, are ever forgotten in despatches: Women outraged, children killed by their parents to be saved from shame, property wantonly destroyed, and all the evils of anarchy let loose upon horror stricken cities.

WESTERN PENITENTIARY.

The report of the Inspectors of the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, states that there are now confined 163 persons, 4 of whom are females—being an increase of only 2 during the year. The profits arising from the labor of the prisoners are stated at $4,449 66. The Warden reports that of the 66 prisoners received during the year, 10 are temperate, 4 inordinate drinkers, and 54 intemperate. There were five deaths in the prison during the past year—all of consumption. The report speaks very highly of our Penitentiary System, and of the efficacy of solitary confinement.

NOBLE CATTLE.

Quite a sensation was made in Chesnut street on Tuesday, by the promenade of two superb oxen—superb, we mean as "beef creatures," though they were somewhat too plethoric for labor. They are the property of Messrs. Rosemans and Tipperharver, of this city, who intend to kill them shortly, and offer the meat for sale, at Nos. 8 and 10, Jersey Market, between Front and Second. One of these noble animals weighed 3930 lbs., and the other about 3900 lbs. They were bred by E. Tompkins, Esq., near Salem, N. J.

MIDSHIPMEN'S DUEL.

A letter received in this city, dated Genoa, November 30th, states that Midshipmen Beers and Cook, both of Philadelphia, recently fought a duel at twelve paces with pistols, and Beers received Cook's ball in his leg. The wound will not prove fatal, and the patient was doing well. The quarrel originated during the reception on board the Columbus, of the Queen of Sardinia—both the young gentlemen being attached to that ship. The parties have been suspended by the Commodore, and it is said will be sent home for trial.

CAUTION.

We have within a short time received several counterfeit fives of the Bank of Auburn, from the State of Illinois—a circumstance which would appear to indicate that distributors of counterfeits upon Eastern money are busy at the West. Among all the spurious money that we have seen, these imitations of the Auburn notes are the most perfect; and our friends at the West cannot look out too sharp for them. We get also an occasional ten on the Leicester, (Mass.) Bank, but the latter are by no means so well executed as the former.

IMPOSITION.

Some one, recently copied a stanza from a poem by Charles Sprague, and sent it to this paper as original. As original it was published. This sort of imposition is of a description the most contemptible, whatever may be the motive of the actor in it. If it be to make the editor appear ridiculous, that end even is not gained. It is no discredit to a man's taste that he knows a bit of poetry is good without knowing who the author was, and that he therefore publishes it without the endorsement of a celebrated poet's name.

BENGAL COTTON.

The hot climate and dry winds of India prove, it is said, insuperable obstacles to the culture of the finer descriptions of American cotton; and American cotton growers have, therefore, little to fear from that quarter for some years to come. In late English papers the experiments which have been undertaken with some parade of preparation, and with more parade of words, are spoken of as complete failures.

REV. T. H. STOCKTON.

We are pleased to see it announced that on Tuesday evening, February 8th, Rev. T. H. Stockton will commence a course of lectures on the "Moral Government of the World, with intimations of its Philosophy and Poetry." These lectures cannot but prove highly interesting, and will command the usual full audiences that wait upon the eloquent orator's addresses.

ON THEIR WAY.

One hundred Indians recently arrived at New Orleans from Florida, in the charge of Lieuts. Britton of the 7th, Johnson of the 8th, and Major Capers, Indian Agent. Among the Indians, are the celebrated Chiefs Tigertail and Octiarchee. There will be a precious lot of combustible material piled up West of the Mississippi after a while.

MEXICO.

We have news from Mexico that a band of Texans have penetrated into the Mexican territory proper, taking one small border town after another, with apparently very little difficulty. The last intelligence represented that the Texians, having been hemmed in by a superior force, had gallantly fought their way out, and were on their retreat.

A NEW ARTIST.

We learn from the Boston Transcript, that Miss Quince, a resident in the town of Beverly, Mass., has modelled some busts in clay, which give promise of great future excellence, if she prosecutes the art. Among her first attempts was a head of Hon. Robert Rantoul, which is pronounced a wonderfully expressive likeness.

WISE.

The New York Common Councils have entered into a contract with a company, who are to keep the streets of that city cleaned for $64,500 per annum for five years. This job has hitherto cost the city an average of $110,000 per annum.

NAVAL MOVEMENTS.

The Army and Navy Chronicle, to which we are indebted for early and generally correct information relative to contemplated movements in both branches of the service, has the following paragraphs:

Active measures are in progress [illegible] which we have no doubt is correct, to place in commission as many vessels of war as are practicable. The principal dock-yards will soon be alive with the bustle of preparation.

Beginning at the North, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the new and beautiful sloop-of-war Saratoga is now ready for sea; her destination is the coast of Africa.

At Boston, the new brig Bainbridge is nearly ready, and the store-ship Relief will sail for the Pacific in the course of the present month. The frigate Cumberland, launched last year, is to be fitted out, and the frigate Potomac is undergoing repairs.

At New York, the new frigate Savannah is in a state of forwardness; the sloop-of-war Vincennes is commissioned; the brig Somers is ready for service; and the brig Porpoise is about to sail for the coast of Africa.

At Norfolk, the frigates Brandywine and Macedonian, the sloops-of-war Levant, Warren, and St. Louis, the store-ship Lexington, and the new brig Truxton, will soon be, if they are not already, in a condition to receive their officers and crews.

It has been intimated that the Brandywine is bound to the East Indies. One or two sloops will also be required for that station, and one or two more for the Pacific.

There are four first class frigates on the stocks, viz., the Santee, at Portsmouth; the Sabine, at New York; the Raritan, at Philadelphia; and the St. Lawrence, at Norfolk; the two last ready for launching.

According to the estimates submitted to Congress, the naval force to be employed during this and the year following will be distributed as following:

	Frigates.	Sloops.	Brigs or schooners.
Mediterranean,	2	3	3
Coast of Brazil,	2	3	3
Pacific Ocean,	1	4	4
East Indies,	1	2	2
Home Squadron,	1	4	4
Coast of Africa,	0	3	4
Whole number,	7	18	20

Of brigs or schooners, there are but nine, exclusive of the Wave and Flirt; leaving eleven to be built or purchased.

STATE TAX—PHILADELPHIA.

The following is a statement of the value of property assessed for State purposes, and the amount of State tax in the city and county of Philadelphia. The value of property is taken from the books of the Assessors for 1842, and the amount of the tax collected in the office of the County Commissioners.

City.—Real estate, $59,504,737; horses and cows, $87,290; personal, $470,251; furniture, $1,662,302 50; carriages, $66,885; emoluments of office, $182,550; moneys at interest, $14,485,210; number of watches, 4012. Aggregate tax, $183,204 90.

Northern Liberties.—Real estate, $9,166,511; horses and cows, $32,227; personal, $130,764; furniture, $116,900; carriages, $9,045; emoluments of office, $8,100; moneys at interest, $1,245,649 10; number of watches, 680. Aggregate amount of tax, $34,856 11.

Spring Garden.—Real estate, $8,644,645; horses and cows, $15,610; personals, $81,940; furniture, $117,536; carriages, $6,555; emoluments of office, $38,725; moneys at interest, $739,437 66; number of watches, 451. Aggregate amount of tax, $22,199 06.

Kensington.—Real estate, $3,799,709; horses and cows, $14,825; personals, $41,670; furniture, $6,600; carriages, $2,330; emoluments of office, $4,160; moneys at interests, $77,028 45; number of watches, 96. Aggregate tax, $8,503 90.

Southwark.—Real estate, $5,830,914 56; horses and cows, $7,850; personals, $65,340; furniture, $21,365; carriages, 945; emoluments of office, $15,170; moneys at interest, $289,962 56; number of watches, 142. Aggregate tax, $13,724 30.

Moyamensing.—Real estate, $2,307,426; horses and cows, $7,050; personals, $17,132; furniture, $10,250; carriages, $490; emoluments of office, $21; moneys at interest, $60,686; number of watches, 68. Aggregate amount of tax, $5,194 98.

The several Townships.—Real estate, $12,958,000; horses and cows, $227,276; personals, $155,575; furniture, $69,660; carriages, $34,052; emoluments of office, $10,178; moneys at interest, $1,902,195 96; number of watches, 455. Aggregate tax, $34,589 46.

Aggregate Assessment in the city and county.—Real estate, $102,212,106 56; horses and cows, $393,018; personals, $970,562; furniture, $2,026,729 50; carriages, $120,202; emoluments of office, $258,932; moneys at interest, $18,730,198 62; whole number of watches, 5824; upon which the total amount of tax is $292,351 63.

POSTSCRIPT.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

NINETEEN DAYS LATER.

The Steamship Caledonia, Captain Lott, arrived at Boston on Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock, bringing Liverpool and London dates to the 4th. The Steamship was delayed by encountering boisterous gales, but came through in safety.

There appears to be no news from England of an important commercial or political character.

The total cotton sales of the year 1842, at Liverpool, are estimated at 1,417,450 bags, inclusive of 11,160 Sea Island, 3,290 stained, and 316,850 Upland, 565,570 New Orleans, and 228,560 Mobile and Alabama. The sales to the same period of 1841 were estimated at 1,274,940 bags. There were taken on speculation to 30th December, 1842, 253,520 bales, and in the year 1841, 185,390 bales. Prices are the same as reported by the steamer of the 4th December, though during the month the trade has much improved.

Of provisions, the Liverpool trade reports remark: The trade in American provisions being yet a new one, the retrospect of the past year affords no sure data on which to offer an opinion as to future prospects. Since the 2d ult., the demand for Beef and Pork has been very limited, and the quotations may be considered as nearly nominal. Some new States Beef in tierces was taken on arrival at a high figure. The Stock in bond at this date consists of 7,578 tierces Beef, and 8,512 barrels Pork.

Dry hams are inquired for. Wet are difficult to sell, and there is room for much improvement in the mode of curing this article. Fine cheese is in fair request, but the middling and low qualities are slow of sale. The stock in this article consists of 233 tons. Lard is in light stock, and the next arrivals will sell readily.

By the burning of a four story house in Prescott street, London, several persons lost their lives—probably one half of the tenants, twenty-five in number, perished.

Late in the month of December, Liverpool suffered from another destructive fire. A turpentine distillery, two large warehouses, full of goods, and some smaller buildings, were entirely consumed. It spread till the principal buildings included within that area, no less than 3300 square yards in extent, were destroyed. The amount of loss is not stated—the property was insured to the amount of £50,000.

The events of the past month have been of a chequered, yet of an uninteresting character. The prospects of improvement in trade, although not brilliant, are nevertheless cheering. In the manufacturing districts activity prevails, and it is confidently expected that the opening of the Chinese ports will, before long, afford the manufacturers full employment.

Parliament is summoned to meet on the 2d of February. Sir Robert Peel, it is expected, will introduce a salutary and wholesale alteration of the restrictions by which trade is fettered. With characteristic caution, he has carefully abstained from divulging a hint of his purpose or his plans. The opening of the session is most anxiously awaited.

The stoppage of the Yorkshire Agricultural and Commercial Bank, at York, was announced in the last week of December, and caused a great commotion in that city, at Leeds and elsewhere. There was very little chance of a resumption of payment, and the most serious consequences were apprehended. A meeting of the shareholders had been held, at which it was found that the whole capital of the bank, £211,000 was lost, and about $100,000 besides. The liabilities amounted to £170,000.

The Great Western Steamer, it is said, has been purchased by Mehemet Ali, who intends to convert her into a steam frigate.

The news from China is no later than we have already published. From the continent the intelligence is unimportant. In Spain, Barcelona has quietly surrendered to Espartero. In France new suspicions of revolutionary movements are entertained—of course.

The line of French mail steam-packets to cross the Atlantic, will, it is expected, commence running next June. The packets will be fourteen in number; they are built to carry forty guns each, and will belong to the French Government. The French port selected for the packet station is Cherbourg. Four of the steamers will run to and from New York, and the rest will convey mails and passengers to and from France and the West Indies, Brazils and the Gulf of Mexico. The fares for passengers will be considerably less than the charges of the English West India Mail Steam Packet Company. A vessel has already been despatched to make the necessary arrangements at the various stations and routes selected for the French packets.

Popular Lectures.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

The lecture on Friday evening, the 20th inst., before the Mercantile Library Company, was by Charles Ingersoll, Esq.; Subject, "A DAY IN ANCIENT ROME." The address was one of the best of the season. Departing from the usual track pursued by lecturers, who too often only repeat what we have learned at school, or can find on every library table, he gave an animated and picturesque description of the habits, manners, personal appearance, and general mode of life among the Romans. He described them as scrupulously neat in their persons, but exceedingly dirty in their private houses. The kitchen had a hole in the roof for a chimney: thus the smoke usually wandered off into the other rooms. A perfect equality existed among the citizens, and the Emperor and the poorest Roman met on the same footing at the baths. The slaves far exceeded in number the freemen, and to the former were confined nearly all the manual occupations. Even the practice of the fine arts was considered beneath the dignity of a Roman. Few citizens, who could afford it, were without a villa, for the love of country life was a passion with them. Of the dress of the Romans a good idea may be obtained from the statues of their eminent men. They wore no hat, but used the toga to keep off the sun and rain. The life of the Roman began sometimes by a slight repast, though usually he eat nothing until noon. His morning was occupied in devotions to the gods, visiting his patron, or, if rich and powerful,—almost synonymous terms in the last days of Rome—in holding a levee for his followers, who were called clients. He then visited the Forum, and other public places, where daily all the citizens assembled, for the Romans spent the chief portion of their time in the streets.

The Romans were at first a poor people, but gradually through their conquests became wealthy. In all physical exercises they were well instructed; and no men made better soldiers. Their invincible courage, amounting even to obstinacy, saved the republic in some of its worst emergencies. This spirit of unyielding firmness they carried to such a height that when Hannibal, after crossing the Alps, and ravaging Italy to the gates of Rome, had pitched his camp before that city, the ground on which his army rested was sold in the beleaguered town at auction, and brought enormous prices—so confident was every citizen that the invader would yet be scourged from the soil. A Roman scorned the opinions of foreigners. To the sensitiveness evinced by the Americans he was a stranger. Another characteristic of the Romans was a custom among their citizens of leaving legacies to public men. Many grew rich thus by the bounty of others.

We incline to think, however, that Mr. Ingersoll was erroneous in one or two of his assertions. In describing Rome, as she was under the first of the emperors, he said that no citizen followed an occupation, *all* being wealthy. Now, this is exaggerating the fact, for immense numbers of the poorer citizens were supported by the bounty of the state, while commerce was not altogether confined to slaves. Nor had the old distinctions between the Patricians and Plebeians wholly died away; for, although of the old noble families, scarcely thirty remained at the time of Augustus, yet new families had risen up of foreign as well as of native extraction—to the former of which belonged Cicero and we think the Scipios, while from the latter, Cæsar, Pompey, and others sprung. Rome had become democratic by the elevation of the people to nearly equal political rights with the Patricians; but the constitution had undergone many changes during the struggle; and wealth, and family influence continued to the last to circumvent, *in practice,* the wishes of the people. Men who held office, and their descendants, especially if possessed of wealth, constituted in fact, during the last day of the republic, and at the beginning of the empire, the nobles of Rome. And the empire was only an exchange from the rule of an oligarchy to the rule of one man.

The lecturer, also, in speaking of the houses of the Romans, conveyed the impression that they were usually of two stories. Now, in the earlier times of the republic, there was universally but one floor. Afterwards, in some domicils, a second story was added, where the eating room was placed, while the sleeping apartments still continued below. These *cœnacula* are spoken of in the apostolic writings, and in early christian histories, as the upper rooms where disciples were wont to meet. But the practice of piling story on story was confined to houses erected for the poorer and middling classes, who could not afford the extent of ground demanded for the mansion of a richer citizen. The aristocracy always adhered to the original plan of but one story; and a noble Roman's mansion, with its peristyle, atrium, garden, and porticos was doubtless a magnificent affair. Most of the houses, however, until the time of Augustus were built of brick; and usually presented, on the outside—except at the entrance, or where shops were fixed on the front—nothing but a dead wall.

Mr. Ingersoll's lecture was written in an easy, almost conversational style; and was enlivened with wit. He made one or two excellent hits at some of the *provincial* customs of Philadelphia, and we think his audience would do well to profit by his remarks.

The Somers' Mutiny.

The investigations of the Court of Inquiry, in relation to the Somer's Mutiny are closed; and at the time we write this, the decision of the court as to the propriety of further proceedings is not known. But, whether the Court of Inquiry recommend that a Court Martial shall be held, or not, such a court will be convened. It is understood, indeed, that the President of the United States has already ordered a Court Martial, at the request of Commander Mackenzie; and that Commodore Biddle will be at the head of the court, and Richard Rush, Esq., Judge Advocate.

Further endeavors have been made in New York for the bringing of the case before a civil tribunal. On Thursday evening of last week, the counsel for the widow of Samuel Cromwell appeared before the Hon. Samuel R. Betts, with her affidavit, alleging that the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry had closed, and charging the murder of her husband and others, to have been committed by the accused, as she believes, from admissions and statements made by the Court of Inquiry, and moved the Judge for a warrant to arrest them on the charge. Judge B. decided against the application for various reasons, but chiefly because his whole time was engrossed by other important matters, and he says, "it was, no doubt, a motive of weight with Congress, in conferring power on so many officers to take preliminary examinations on criminal charges, to leave the Judges of the United States Courts free to devote themselves to other duties exclusively allotted to them.

The concluding testimony before the Court of Inquiry was chiefly important as showing that the great number of blows struck on board of the North Carolina, were, a great proportion of them, such as are not usually reported on board vessels of war, having been inflicted with the "colt," a small rope, which the boatswain carries in his hat. At times of muster, when inattention, on the part of any sailor, to personal cleanliness appears, a few blows of this "colt" are usually given over the clothes by way of admonition. Another important allegation of Lieut. Gansevoort, and other witnesses who were recalled, was the positive contradiction of Warner's statement that his deposition before the officers was altered after he had made it and without his knowledge.

Capt. Gregory, an experienced Naval Officer, the Commander of the North Carolina, on board of which vessel the Court of Inquiry has been in session, has expressed an opinion, which will find many advocates. He says: "If I had been in command of the Somers, I should have made the attempt to bring home the mutineers, and think I might have succeeded; but I am perfectly persuaded that Mr. Mackenzie believed their execution was absolutely necessary for the safety of the brig; and so thinking, it was his duty to execute them. He stands therefore, in my judgment, justified in the course he pursued, although I should have acted differently." But as the matter is to receive immediate and final investigation, we dismiss all further publication in relation to it, with the following statement of Com. Mackenzie, which was permitted by the Court to be placed on its record:

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT:

Although it has been determined by the Court that a written defence of my conduct, founded on an examination of the evidence that has been adduced, is unnecessary, and, under the circumstances, inadmissible, I trust that the Court will not refuse to receive from me a brief statement of the reasons that produced the conviction in my mind, on which I acted, that the execution of the ringleaders of the intended mutiny on board the Somers was necessary to the preservation of the vessel. It is true that these reasons may be collected from my report to the Secretary of the Navy, which has been read before the Court; but they are nowhere stated in connection, nor with that distinctness and brevity that are necessary to impress their force on the mind of others. My report to the Secretary was intended to be a full history of all the proceedings on board the Somers, for his information alone, and was far, very far, from being framed with any direct view to my own vindication.

I proceed, then, under the permission of the Court, to submit the following facts and considerations as the reasons that chiefly determined my conduct. How far their reality or sufficiency is established by the evidence, are questions that, without a single remark, I shall leave to the judgment of the Court.

First, I was influenced by my deep conviction of the reality of the plot disclosed by Mr. Spencer to Mr. Wales. Although I received the first communication with incredulity, yet when I reflected upon the earnest and solemn manner in which the disclosure was made, and the strong impression of the reality and imminence of the danger made upon the mind of Mr. Wales himself, my doubts vanished, and my mind was filled with the most earnest solicitude to discover and adopt the proper means for averting the horrors with which we were threatened. I at once determined to adopt no measure but after mature deliberation, to shrink from none that the preservation of the lives of those entrusted to my care, the honor of my country and my sense of duty should demand. Whether the influence of this determination is not apparent in all my subsequent acts, I submit to the judgment of the Court. I believed then in the existence of a plot in which, by the declaration of Mr. Spencer, at least twenty of the crew were concerned. The nature of this plot, involving the murder of the officers and a large portion of the crew, and the commission of almost every crime, convinced me that those who had agreed to it were capable of carrying it into execution and committing any atrocity. This opinion was further confirmed by my previous knowledge of the depraved character of the crew, and by the fact that many of them, although men in strength and size, were still boys in age, and consequently would be little likely to resist temptation and more easily allured by the pleasures held out to them as accompanying the life of a pirate. Having stated the reasons which produced the conviction in my mind of the existence of the plot, it only remains for me to state those which induced me to change my original determination to bring the prisoners to the United States for trial, and to deem their immediate execution necessary.

I was influenced—*First,* by the insubordination of the crew, manifested after we left the coast of Africa, and very much increased after the arrest of the prisoners; their gloomy and angry looks, their secret conferences, broken off when an officer appeared; their increased reluctance in the performance of their duty; the actual disobedience of some; the attempt of several to communicate with the prisoners. All these circumstances convinced me that there was danger of a rescue, and that this scheme was in constant agitation.

Secondly, by the uncertainty under which we labored as to the extent of the mutiny, and the inutility and danger of attempting to ascertain, by an examination of the crew, how many were to be relied on. Let us suppose that the whole crew had been examined, and all had protested their innocence and ignorance; could we have believed and trusted them? Would the uncertainty have been removed or diminished? On the contrary, would not the universal denial have increased and justified our suspicions of universal guilt? We must still have believed that many were guilty and could not have known that any were innocent. If the examination had resulted in the discovery of the certain guilt of many of the suspected, our difficulties would have been still greater. To confine and guard them was impossible. To leave them at large, with a knowledge that their guilt was known, and that, if they arrived in safety, death might be their doom, was to render them desperate and an outbreak inevitable.

Thirdly, by the exhaustion of the officers, and by the impossibility that they could much longer sustain the fatigue to which they were subjected; and by the fact that from loss of rest and continual exertion, we were daily losing strength, whilst that of the mutineers, from increasing numbers, was daily becoming greater.

Fourthly, by the conviction that, even if it were possible for the officers to defend themselves and their vessel in fair weather, if a storm should arise, calling the attention of the officers and petty officers from the prisoners to the necessary duties of taking care of the vessel, it would have been easy for a few resolute men to have released the prisoners and taken possession of the vessel.

Fifthly, by the size of the vessel which rendered it impossible for me to confine any more prisoners and prevent those already confined from communicating with each other and with those of the crew who were at large.

Finally, by the conviction, that by the execution of the three ringleaders, the mutineers would be deprived of the power of navigating the vessel, as no other person would be capable of taking charge of her, and that this was the only effectual method of bringing them back to their allegiance, and preserving the vessel committed to my charge.

Having thus briefly stated the motives which produced the belief that the immediate execution of the ringleaders was necessary, I would only add, that had any doubts existed in my mind as to the necessity of the course to be pursued, they would have been removed by the unanimous opinion of the commissioned, warrant and petty officers, whose means of judging were better than my own, that such a course was necessary and inevitable. Their opinion, concurring with my own, left me no room to doubt that in pursuing this course I was doing my duty faithfully to my God and to my country. I have the honor to be very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,
ALEX. SLIDELL MACKENZIE,
Commander U. S. N.

☞ The latest intelligence is that the Court of Enquiry have decided that Mr. Mackenzie's course *does not* require to be investigated by a Court Martial.

General News.

ALABAMA GOLD.—The Alabamian says: "The broken lands in some parts of Randolph and Tallapoosa counties, are said to teem with the precious mineral. In the latter county a considerable number of persons have recently made entries of land, with a view to commence mining operations immediately. The gold is found, we are informed, in what miners term "rock veins," and a yield is obtained by crushing the rock in some rude wooden contrivance, of two or three pwts. per day, to the hand.

A MASSACHUSETTS TOWN.—The town of Amherst Mass., contains 2550 inhabitants, or 400 families; 515 voters, of whom 306 are married, 14 are widowers, and 106 are bachelors. What is most remarkable, is the literary taste of these good people. There are among them 636 subscribers to newspapers, 265 to periodicals, and 550 to religious publications. The total number of papers received in the town is 8506 or 21 to each family.

LEGISLATIVE AMUSEMENT.—A regular fight between two members of the Alabama Legislature took place in the Rotunda of the Capitol of that State a few days since. The combatants were the Hon. Mr. Hubbard, of Lawrence, and the Hon. Mr. Calhoun, member from Dallas. Both parties were badly bruised in the face, and both of them are represented as looking exceedingly as if they ought to be *committed* after the encounter.

DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY ON THE LAKES.—We observe by a statement in a late number of the Cleveland Herald, that the loss and damage to vessels on Lake Erie and the Western Lakes during the past season, is estimated at $91,750; and the loss and damage of cargoes at $32,975. The amount of losses covered by insurance is $31,725. Sixty-nine lives were lost on the Lakes during the season.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The dwelling house of Miss Henrietta Israel, near Reisterstown, Md., was consumed by fire on Thursday morning week, and dreadful to relate, herself and a little boy—the only inmates in the house, perished in the flames. Strong suspicions are entertained that the fire was the work of an incendiary and murderer, who first killed the inmates, then robbed and set fire to the premises.

MASSACHUSETTS POST OFFICES.—Of fifty-seven Postmasters in the Union, whose compensation exceeds $500, *twenty-two* are in Massachusetts. The Postmasters of the eight chief towns in that State receive as follows: Boston, $2000; New Bedford, $1,571 19; Newburyport, $1,251 19; Northampton, $1,807 14; Salem, $1,702 95; Springfield, $1,499 11; Worcester, $1,591 23; Lowell, $1,226 79.

THE GREAT WEST.—The St. Louis (Missouri) Reporter, of a late date states that in a recent twenty-four hours, 1189 foreign emigrants, principally German and English, arrived at that city, on their way to the new states and territories. Verily the West is growing up behind us in such a way that the old Atlantic States will find themselves outnumbered and outvoted entirely in a few more years.

PITTSBURG AND CINCINNATI.—The Pittsburg American says:—It is known that 250,000 hogs were slaughtered this winter at Cincinnati. Of these, the Pittsburg dealers have become the purchasers of 50,000 or about 10 millions of pounds. Consequently one fourth of all killed in that place this year, will be brought to the Pittsburg market. The investment was about $100,000.

FOOLISH SUIT.—Richard B. Beall, obtained a verdict on one cent damages in the Baltimore county Court on Thursday from Nelson Stocksdale in an action for slander. The defendant called the plaintiff a thief, but did not intend to convey the idea that the language would seem to import, but simply had reference to plaintiff having taken the benefit of the insolvent laws.

OFFICIAL MURDER.—A man named Carroll was shot by a constable, in Highland county, Ohio, on Monday of last week. The constable had levied on and was taking away personal property of Carroll, when the latter followed, assaulted him, and was killed by a pistol ball. The constable was discharged.

U. S. REVENUE.—For the fourth quarter of the year the cash receipts at the several ports amounted, amount to $4,502,735 97. The cash duties were $3,116,370 73. From bonds, $1,436,360 24. The partial returns of the land revenue amount to $264,513 97. The estimated amount of what has not been received, is $110,426 20. Total, $364,940 26.

DEPRECIATION.—The United States Hotel, in Fulton street, New York, between Pearl and Water streets, was sold at auction on Saturday, on foreclosure of a mortgage for $140,000 to the N. Y. Life and Trust Company. There was but one bid and it was struck off at $100,000 to the gentleman who held the mortgage.

MISTAKE.—It is stated in the New York Journal of Commerce, that an error of one thousand years has been discovered by Mr. Miller in his calculations touching the end of the world. We do not know whether it is plus or minus. It is possible that the world outlived its proper time by a thousand years.

POTTSVILLE.—Seventy-two buildings were erected in the borough of Pottsville during the past year, besides fourteen houses in Mount Carbon, and eight on the borders of the borough, more than double the number erected in any one year during the past five years. This is not so bad in such hard times.

BALTIMORE.—In the city of Baltimore, during the year 1842, there were 2055 deaths—males 1052, females 1003; of whom 606 were blacks. 891 were under two years of age. 460 died of consumption; 26 were drowned; 90 died of old age; only 1 died of small pox; and but 5 committed suicide.

MASSACHUSETTS SAVINGS BANKS.—The number of depositors in the Massachusetts Savings Banks during the last year, was 42,567, the amount of deposites, $6,900,451 70, the dividends for the year $262,231 10. In 1838, the amount of deposites in those institutions were only $69,392 50.

WASHINGTON CITY.—During the year 1842, there were erected in the city of Washington 295 dwellings, (82 brick, 213 wooden) 14 shops, and 21 additions. During the same year, there were 341 deaths in the city, of which number, 66, or nearly one-fifth, were by consumption.

GRAVE CHARGES.—The Cherokee Council have passed a resolution calling upon John Ross for a settlement of his accounts with the Nation. He is accused of having defrauded the Nation of an immense sum of money, and great excitement is expected to grow out of this proceeding.

RELEASE.—Joe Smith, the Mormon, who was charged as accessory before the fact, to the attempted murder of ex-Governor Boggs, of Missouri, has been discharged. The judge before whom the case was carried decided that there was no color of a pretence by which to hold him.

GEN. MCDOUGALL AND COL. HEPBURN.—The Court at Columbus was occupied three days with the trial of Gen. McDougall, then the case went to the jury. They were out ten minutes and returned a verdict of not guilty. There has been no delay in this trial, at any rate.

JEST, OR EARNEST!—Some persons in New York, duly impressed with the power of the Legislature to do any thing and every thing, have presented a petition to the Assembly of that State, praying for the passage of a law to prevent disturbances in singing schools.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—Judge Betts, of New York, has decided that a man who contracts large debts in Germany, and comes to this country, and obtains residence, is entitled to the benefit of the Bankrupt Law, against the suit of the foreign creditor.

A NEW NOTION.—A Mr. Parker, a member of the Texan Congress from Houston county, introduced a bill providing that but two lawyers shall be allowed to practice in each county, and that they shall be *elected by the people!*

CAUGHT.—The counterfeiters and $20,000 of counterfeit money, have been detected at Louisville, Ky. The counterfeit notes were on the Bank of Missouri, State Bank of Indiana, and the First Municipality, of New Orleans.

N. Y. TRUST CO.—A committee of the New York Life and Trust Company, have reported, after a careful examination of its affairs, that there is a deficiency of assets, to make good the capital stock, eleven per cent. or $110,000.

SUICIDE.—Archibald McGrew, Register and Recorder of Westmoreland county, Pa., committed suicide at that place on the 12th instant, by hanging himself in his barn. His intellect appeared disordered previous to the act.

☞ The lady of John Hartley, Esq., of Cincinnati, had her scull fractured on the 14th inst., by being thrown violently upon the pavement. Some boys in dragging a sled, caused it to strike against her feet so as to throw her down.

☞ Mr. Bard, the President of the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, has resigned his office, and at a meeting of the Trustees, held on Saturday last, Stephen Allen, Esq., was unanimously chosen to fill his place.

A KNOWING DOG.—The Boston Post says, a gentleman at West Cambridge has a large dog, who, every day, upon the arrival of the omnibus, runs out to receive the newspaper, which he regularly conveys to the family.

THE COLDEST YET.—A Franconia correspondent of the New Hampshire Argus states that in that town, on the 4th instant, the mercury sunk into the bulb of the longest thermometer—more than 40 degrees below zero.

☞ A few days since Mr. Wyman, the keeper of the jail at Keene, N. H., while locking up the prisoners for the night, was set upon and beaten until he was insensible. This could not happen in a Pennsylvania prison.

STAGNATE.—So much lumber has accumulated in Quebec from the English market being virtually closed against it by the late Tariff, that there is now sufficient to load eight hundred vessels of 300 tons each.

PRICE OF AN ASSAULT.—At the Circuit Court, now in session in Albany, N. Y., Henry Y. Webb, recovered one thousand dollars damages from Edward Balger, for an assault committed in April, 1842.

AS EXPECTED.—The New Orleans Picayune learns from Fort Gibson, Ark., that Wild Cat, one of the Seminole Chiefs recently sent West of the Mississippi, has declared war against the Cherokees.

SHIP BUILDING IN NEW YORK.—There are now three large ships and two large steamers on the stocks in that city. All are to be launched and finished by the first day of next May. Aggregate value, $400,000.

NAUVOO.—The Mormons at Nauvoo, are said to be from 7,000 to 10,000 strong, and constantly increasing. The greater number live in town, but the country for five miles around, is thickly populated.

THE MORRIS RAILROAD.—A second track has just been completed on this Railroad from Newark to Morristown, N. J., (18 miles) and the trains passed forth and back for the first time on Saturday.

LEFT IN THE LURCH.—The town of Natchitoches, on Red river, it is thought, will soon be abandoned; a new channel has been formed in the river which threatens to leave the town high and dry.

FAR REACHING.—A number of ladies in New York, have organized a Society, having for its object the introduction of the Common School System into every country in South America.

MORE NULLIFICATION.—The citizens of Marion county, Missouri, have held a meeting, and resolved that no property belonging to a citizen of that county shall be exposed to public sale.

COMPLETED.—The cars were run over the Tonawanda Rail-road on Tuesday week for the first time; thus completing the last link in the chain of iron road from Boston to Buffalo.

GENEROUS.—The boys of one of the public schools in Boston, recently collected thirty dollars for the purpose of procuring an artificial leg for one of their unfortunate school fellows.

☞ A temperance meeting was held on board the U. S. ship Independence, at Brooklyn, on Sunday. After several addresses, one hundred and eighty-seven sailors signed the pledge.

HARD TIMES.—The Cincinnati Gazette says that upwards of five hundred hydrants have been shut off, and as many families deprived of water, because they could not pay their rent.

THE GRANITE BUSINESS.—The Quincy (Mass.) Patriot states that the granite business in that town in the last seventeen years, has amounted to three millions of dollars.

FIRES IN BOSTON.—There were 95 fires in Boston in 1842, destroying property amounting to $107,694. There were thirty-six false alarms.

☞ There were 462,637 bushels of Salt manufactured in Kenawha county, Virginia, during the quarter ending December, 1842.

☞ The whole number of persons confined in Massachusetts for debt, during the year ending Nov. 1, 1842, was 782; for crimes 3393, 650 of whom were females.

BOSTON.—A company has been formed to introduce pure water into Boston from Spot Pond—the city in its corporate capacity not being willing to undertake it.

☞ Col. A. Neill, one of the Texas prisoners captured at San Antonio, escaped from his keepers, and has arrived at New Orleans.

☞ Boots for ladies are now made of India rubber, requiring neither lacing nor buttoning, and exactly fitting the foot.

☞ A Madrid paper gives the mulatto slaves in the Island of Cuba, at 10,974—the black slaves at 425,361.

☞ The emigrants from Belfast, during the last three years, amounted to 18,040.

Local Intelligence.

ELECTION OF BANK DIRECTORS.—The following gentlemen were elected Bank Directors by the Legislature on Wednesday of last week. The Senate elected—

For the Bank of Pennsylvania—Joseph H. Newbold and Wm. J. Leiper were elected.

For the Philadelphia Bank—Edward S. Mott and Daniel P. Bussier were elected.

For the Columbia Bridge Company—Samuel Humes and James Cresson were elected.

In the House of Representatives the following gentlemen were elected Bank Directors—

For the Bank of Pennsylvania—C. Wallace Brooke and Wm. Geise were elected.

For the Philadelphia Bank—Henry M. Phillips and Alexander Cummings were elected.

For the Columbia Bridge Company—John F. Huston and Robert Boyd were elected.

FIRE.—On Tuesday evening, the upper part of the building on the south-east corner of Third and Chesnut streets, was considerably injured by fire. It was, however, soon subdued. There happened to be a jewellers shop in the same neighborhood, and the next day some rascally boys drove a great trade in brass rings, which they pretended were gold and lost in the confusion. The buyers were justly bitten.

COURT MARTIAL.—A Court Martial has been in session for several days at the Navy Yard in this city, in the case of Lieut. Tansill, of the marines. The charges are falsehood and unofficer-like conduct, in the writing and publishing of certain letters reflecting on Lieut. McLaughlin, while both were engaged in the Florida War, and the case reads very much like a libel trial.

CUSTOM HOUSE CONFIRMATIONS.—The Evening Journal says, "we have letters from Washington, which speak with confidence of the confirmation of Judge Sutherland to the situation of Naval Officer by the Senate, and of a greater probability of Mr. Smith's being confirmed by the same body, in the office of Collector of this Port."

CATHEDRAL.—It is rumored, that some members of the Roman Catholic Church were preparing to negotiate for the purchase of the United States Bank in this city, to convert it into a Cathedral. We learn that the probable difficulty in raising adequate funds will prevent it for the present.

GREAT GAME.—A genteel looking young rogue has been going into houses in this city, under pretence of being an insurance agent, and carrying off plunder. His name is Vanorden, and since his arrest charges have so multiplied against him that we cannot keep the record.

AN EXPRESS LINE has just been established by Messrs. Brown and Galasba, between Baltimore and Philadelphia, for the conveyance of packages, specie and bank notes between the two cities, and to New York and Boston.

THE AURORA is the title of a spirited daily commenced in this city, by John J. McCahen, on the cash plan, to defend the claims of Mr. Van Buren. It is sparkling and will no doubt be able.

MURDAY'S BENEFIT will take place on Saturday, 28th inst., (*to-night,*) at the Chinese Museum, corner of Ninth and George streets. Subject, CONSISTENCY AND INCONSISTENCY.

☞ The sale of cloths and cassimeres forfeited to the United States, which took place this week by order of the Marshal, amounted $26,656.

Agricultural.

TO MAKE CABBAGES HEAD IN WINTER.—A northern writer remarks, that in the fall of the year, just before the ground closes up, gather all the cabbages which have not headed together. Then dig a trench eighteen inches deep, and of sufficient width to admit the cabbages. Then close the leaves together by hand, winding a whisp of straw or something else around them to keep them together, and then put in the trench, with the heads down and roots up. Then pack straw or leaves and earth snug about them, and round up the earth over them. The trench should be dug in a place where the water of the rains and snows runs off and will not stand about them. A board, or a couple of boards nailed together in the form of a roof and put over the mound may be useful.

FARMERS.—A contemporary thus sums "what a farmer should be." A farmer should be well instructed in chemistry generally, more particularly as applied to agriculture; he should be well versed in mineralogy, geology, botany, and in the physiology of seeds, plants, trees, and animals, including the species of bisaons; he should learn geometry, mensuration, &c., he should study political economy so far as to have a clear conception of the sources of wealth and prosperity. In our republican Government he should be instructed in his constitutional rights, and taught to vindicate them by a terse and condensed elocution.

GREAT CROP OF OATS.—Andrew Snider, of Henrietta, Monroe county, New York, last season produced 446 bushels of oats, estimating them at the legal weight of 32 lbs. per bushel on four acres of land, that is 111½ bushels per acre. The kind is called the barley oat; it is properly the Scotch potato oat; and a bushel in cubic measure weighs 42 lbs. Three bushels of seed were sown to the acre. They were sown last week in April. The land had been in corn, in peas, and in potatoes the previous year.

EARLY PLOUGHING.—The Bangor (Maine) Whig says that Ezra Hutchings, of that place, who is in the 76th year of his age, held a plough all day on the 14th instant, in ploughing his field with a span of horses, and that a large amount of ploughing was done last week in Hermon and other towns in that vicinity.

☞ At the Annual Meeting of the New York State Agricultural Society, held at Albany on the 19th inst., James L. Wadsworth, Esq., of Gennessee, was chosen President for the ensuing year.

☞ The heaviest fall of snow which has been known in Tennessee for the last twenty years, fell at Nashville and its vicinity on the 7th and 8th instant. Its depth was 12 to 14 inches.

☞ The New Bedford Mercury asserts that "Lard Oil" is no new thing, but neither more nor less than the "*Huille de Bordeaux,*" sold as Olive Oil.

Notices of the Dead.

MR. OGDEN.—This gentleman recently disappeared from New Orleans, and we learn from the Tropic printed in that city, that the melancholy mystery which hung over his fate has been solved. His body was found in the new Canal, and a coroner's inquest attributed his death to some accident, thus far to the jurors unknown. We have heard that the horse he rode was disposed to shy, and that Mr. Ogden, like the many victims who have perished on the Canal road, has probably been precipitated into the Canal, and stunned by the fall, has sunk and been drowned.

GOV. MASON.—The Legislature of Michigan, on the receipt of the news of the death of their late Governor, J. S. Mason, Esq., adopted resolutions of condolence with the family of the deceased, and appointed a committee to make arrangements for funeral services, which were accordingly performed in the Episcopal Churches of Detroit. Ex-Governor Mason was a man whom once to know was to love and to respect.

AN OLD POSTMASTER.—Wm. Dickson, who died at Greenville, Tenn., on the 2d inst., was appointed postmaster by Gen. Washington, in 1796, and held on through all the changes of the country, to the day of his death. He had also taken the National Intelligencer for 42 years, and had paid up to the 5th of the month preceding his decease.

DR. SCUDDER, an oculist of much repute, died in the Alms House at Albany, N. Y., a few days since. He was the son of the founder of the American Museum, in New York; a man of good education, a brilliant wit, and, but for a fatal weakness, would have met kinder fortune.

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LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion—

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by Messrs. Mosher, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys and J. T. Dent.

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ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

Graham's Magazine, *February*, 1843.—We issue for February *a double number* of Graham's Magazine, with three *splendid steel* engravings. Two of them, "The Captives," and "The Signal," we may safely affirm, are finer than any that have appeared in the magazines, and equal to the choicest of the London Annual plates. We have a series of these beautiful plates, which we shall continue during the volume for 1843.

The literary matter of this number is of the highest order, from the pens of J. Fenimore Cooper, Professor Longfellow, Richard H. Dana, Dr. Reynell Coates, N. P. Willis, Frances S. Osgood, C. F. Hoffman, H. W. Herbert, J. R. Lowell, H. H. Weld, Park Benjamin, H. S. Tuckerman, etc., etc. The number contains eighty-four pages of reading matter, all original, many of the articles purchased at a high price, the cost of *literary matter alone* of the present number was over $500. We append the following notices of the work.

Graham's Magazine, *for February*.—When we noticed "Graham" for January, we suspected that its splendid embellishments and admirable literary contents had been prepared to serve a purpose at the beginning of a new year and a new volume; but we were in error. The February number is not only superior in all respects to that for January, but it is altogether the finest specimen of a magazine ever printed in this country. Even "William Blackwood & Sons" might be proud to issue such a magnificent collection of articles in a single month. Cooper, Longfellow, Dana, Cheever, Colton and Mancur, all of whom write for Graham exclusively; and Willis, Story, Burleigh, Wakeman, Coates, Herbert, Hoffman, and some dozen others, have articles in the present issue. "Born to love Pigs and Chickens," by Willis; "The Fire Doomed," by Coates; "The Autobiography," by Cooper; and "The Enchanted Gun," by Hoffman, are the best stories. "The Demurrer," by "A Committee," is a scorching reply to some questioner of the superior genius of the ladies, God bless them! and the "Letter to Charles Dickens," in the Editor's Table, is decidedly rich. The engravings, entitled, "The Captives," and "The Lover's Signal," from the burins of Rawdon, Wright, Hatch and Smillie, of this city, are the best ever published in a magazine, and quite equal to the finest in the London Keepsakes.—*New York Herald.*

Graham's Magazine.—Mr. Graham treats the subscribers to the Magazine to a *double* number, for the month of February, and one of great excellence. There are twenty-five original articles, by such writers as Cooper, Longfellow, Dana, Willis, Hoffman, Herbert, Coates, Lowell, Weld, Colton, Tuckerman, Cheever, Benjamin, Mancur, and Osgood, who impart life and interest to the pages of this popular periodical. To correspond with the quantity and quality of its contents, three embellishments adorn the present number; one, "The Lover's Signal," is a highly finished engraving on steel, by Rawdon & Co., of a beautiful picture; "The Captives," by the same, is another of great delicacy and beauty. The other "Children Taken by Surprise," by Jackman, though not so fine an engraving, is a handsome picture. This number is quite a volume in size, containing eighty-four pages of reading, all of which is original. Mr. Graham deserves great credit for his efforts, and he certainly excels all competition in every department of his Magazine.—*Public Ledger.*

Graham's Magazine.—The clock strikes, and, "awaking with a start," we find we have whiled away two mortal hours of our precious day, which are ordinarily devoted, dear reader, most conscientiously to your amusement and edification, in the classic labyrinths of this delightful magazine. We must beg pardon for our negligence—that is certain; and we know no better apology than the enumeration of the beauties which thus have tempted us from our duty and duties. "The Enchanted Gun," one of our pet Hoffman's very best stories—quaint, eloquent, odd and fervent, by turns; "The Lord of the Manor," by Henry W. Herbert—excellent; a piece of poesie, "beautiful, exceedingly," by R. H. Dana; "The Host's Tale," a sprightly *bijou*, by C. J. Peterson; the second chapter of Cooper's "Autobiography of a Pocket-handkerchief"—better than the first; "The Good George Campbell," a gem, by Longfellow; "The Moon," by that child of genius, Lowell; "The Lover's Signal," by the author of Henri Quatre; "The Fire Doomed," a splendid tale of Virginia, by Reynell Coates; and *the* thing of the month, "Born to love Pigs and Chickens," by Willis—of course. There, reader—are not these sufficient excuse for our playing truant, for a season, even from Aurora's delightful servitude?

We simply wish to add that the February number of Graham is undoubtedly the best and most attractive magazine ever published in America.—*N. Y. Aurora.*

A Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye.—*By W. Lawrence, F. R. S., Surgeon Extraordinary to the Queen; Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital and Lecturer on Surgery at that Hospital; Surgeon to Bethlem and Bridewell Hospitals; and late Surgeon to the London Ophthalmic Infirmary. From the last London Edition, with numerous additions, and sixty-seven illustrations; By* Isaac Hays, M. D., *Surgeon to Wills Hospital; Physician to the Philadelphia Orphan Asylum, Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c., &c., &c. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard*, 1843.—1 vol. 8vo. pages 778.—Every one feels that sight is the most valuable of the senses; and it requires no argument to prove that, short of death, blindness is one of the greatest calamities that can befal human nature. Even to the rich, who can alleviate it by purchasing the aid and services of others, loss of sight is the greatest of misfortunes. "How much more severely must it be felt by the poor, by the middle and lower classes of society, that is, by the great majority of mankind; who, being rendered incapable of labor, and having their minds uncultivated, find their existence reduced to a dreary blank, dark, solitary and cheerless, burdensome to themselves and to those around them."

Among those who have devoted themselves to studying the means of averting such terrible consequences of disease of the eyes, Mr. Lawrence stands pre-eminent. The work before us has already received the seal of professional approbation, and is considered authoritative and classical in Europe. The last London edition, completely revised and enlarged by the author, appeared in 1841.

The necessity for reprinting this work in the United States will be obvious, when we remember how limited is the attention given to Diseases of the Eye in our Medical Schools. Ophthalmic medicine has not received in our country the attention bestowed upon it in Europe. By a few practitioners, it has been cultivated assiduously, but by the mass of the profession it has been wholly neglected. This must be attributed, in a great degree, to its not being taught in our Medical Colleges. In all of these, with a single exception, it forms a part of the general surgical course, of which some three or four lectures only are devoted to it. If we keep this fact in view, we may readily appreciate the value of a complete treatise on the Diseases of the Eye, written by such a man as Mr. Lawrence, and republished under the direction of the learned and accomplished Dr. Hays, who has devoted twenty years of his life to this subject. How many individuals in the country, in villages, and even in large cities have unnecessarily been deprived of sight through a want of knowledge of ophthalmic medicine in the mass of general practitioners. Whether a disease of the eye shall result in total blindness or in a restoration to sight must depend but too frequently on the skill of the physician; and so long as we feel, perhaps through no fault of his own, that he has received but very imperfect or very general information on the subject, we must trust our organs of vision when diseased, to his care with considerable misgiving.

But a new era has been marked by the appearance of "Lawrence on the Eye, by Hays;" the means of knowing is here offered, and those members of the profession who wilfully refuse to embrace it, scarcely deserve the patronage of their neighborhood. When we consider how very few works, (and all of those of very limited extent,) have been published in the United States, we may safely say, no medical library of American printed books can be complete without this work; and we confess, we should place more confidence in the physician, whom we might have occasion to consult for any disease of the eye, were we assured he possessed a well thumbed copy of Hays's Lawrence; and perhaps we might be induced to take pains to ascertain the fact before trusting him.

The volume is full on all points, and contains all the facts, at present known, in relation to the subject; Dr. Hays has added copiously not only from his own stores of knowledge, but also from those of European and American writers of eminence.

Among the novelties in relation to diseases of the eyes, the operation for squinting is fully described; and it appears from the testimony of various authors that it is far from being invariably successful. Perhaps not more than one-half of those operated on in Europe have been very materially benefited; although while the operation was new and *squinters* submitted in crowds to the knife, every case was boasted as a perfect cure. The correctness of this statement will be at once assented to, "when it is considered, that such a mania has prevailed among some surgeons for operating, that they have seized upon every case, suitable or not, and that almost everywhere, *the greater number of cases have fallen under the knife of unprincipled operators, attracted to them by false statements of success widely circulated in the public papers, with the certificates of cures given to them by those whom they had duped.*"

The "getting up" of the volume is creditable to the publishers. The engravings are by Gilbert, and of course well executed. The type is of good size, and there is a copious index as well as table of contents, which makes the work one of easy reference.

The Artist: a Monthly Lady's Book. *F. Quarre, 64 Reade street, New York.*—The January number of the new monthly Magazine has been before us for some days. It is embellished with an entirely new style of engravings, printed in various colors. Mr. Quarre, the publisher, is a gentleman of excellent taste and of great talent in his profession, and his engravings of lace patterns, colored lace borders, etc., are the neatest and handsomest that appear anywhere. He has, we believe, furnished *all* the patterns which have appeared in the various monthly works. The typography of the work is excellent. The fashion plates are got up with more than usual care and taste. The cover is certainly the prettiest design that we have seen, and altogether the work is such as to deserve and secure patronage.

Alison's History of Europe.—*New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The fourth number of this series completes the first volume of the three, and the bookbinders in this city have already discovered that it is out, by the rush of subscribers to have the volume bound. It brings the history of Europe down to the appointment of Napoleon as First Consul; and is richly laden with notes which are quite as attractive as the text. It is beautifully printed. Perkins & Purves, Burgess & Zieber, and Geo. S. Appleton have the numbers for sale.

Godey's Lady's Book, *for February*, comes out with four plates, and forty-eight pages. Among the plates we prefer "The Sketcher," a very pretty lady (barring her curls) elegantly engraved on steel by Ellis. The elopement is a good picture; but we cannot say this of the two children, lithographed and colored after Sir Thos. Lawrence. The fashion plate is well designed. Several of the stories are excellent; we have copied one of the best. Willis, De Forest, Ellet, Hale and others contribute to the number.

Mesopotamia and Assyria.—*By J. Baillie Fraser—Family Library, No. 157—New York: Harper & Brother—Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.*—This history extends from the earliest ages of which we have any record, down to the present time, is succinctly narrated, and in many places eloquently written; and compares the theories of other writers with much apparent impartiality, and evident research. The volume is accompanied with a map and several engravings.

Serials.—From Messrs. Burgess & Zieber we have: Tom Burke, of Ours, (Levers new story); Thiers French Revolution, No. 9; The Abbott, one of Scott's best; Henrietta Temple, by D'Israeli; Calderon the Courtier, by Bulwer; No. 3 of Wilson's American Revolution; The Somers Mutiny (Tribune report); all of which are furnished at low prices, and in good style.

The American in Egypt.—A cheap serial edition of this work, which has made so much noise in the world, is in progress of publication in this city, by Geo. S. Appleton. It is well got up, and copiously illustrated with engravings.

☞ Ure's Dictionary, published in monthly parts, five in number, is getting as wide a sale as its first edition. G. S. Appleton is the Philadelphia publisher.

☞ Colon has sent us the concluding number of George, St. George Julian, the Prince. It is a cheap work at a dollar.

Political Intelligence.

Indiana Suspended Debt.—The Wayne County Record contains an abstract of the report of M. G. Bright, State agent, on the suspended debt of Indiana, the substance of which is as follows: The debt is about four millions, and if care be taken, about half a million may be made out of the collaterals held by the State. The whole number of bonds issued for all purposes whatever, is 14,909, amounting to $12,593,258, of which only $8,593,258 have been paid to the State. The balance of $4,000,000, is what is termed the suspended debt.

Stay Law.—A bill has passed the Legislature of Illinois, which provides that all property offered for sale under execution, shall sell for two-thirds of its appraised value, and obliges the plaintiff to buy the property either one year from the date of this execution at two-thirds of its appraised value, or lose his lien or to other judgment creditors.

☞ The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says, that Mr. Spencer, the Secretary of War, is making preparations for an extensive official survey of the military posts on the western and other frontiers, during the recess of Congress.

☞ In Virginia no man can vote unless he is a freeholder or a housekeeper, and in South Carolina, a Representative to the General Court must own a freehold of five hundred acres and ten negroes.

☞ Among the rumors from Washington is one that, upon the expiration of the present Congress an extra session of the new Congress is to be called. This rumor is spoken of quite confidently.

On Dit that the friends of Mr. Calhoun as President, or some of them, intend to put Mr. Buchanan's name on the same ticket as Vice. We shall have different tickets enough, at any rate.

☞ The Democratic State Convention of Kentucky have nominated Col. Richard M. Johnson for President and Gov. David R. Porter, of Pa. for Vice President.

☞ General Jessup is named by a Washington letter in the Spirit of the Times, as Vice President on the Tyler Ticket.

Kentucky.—The popular branch of the Legislature of Kentucky has voted, 50 to 42, not to pass any Relief or Stay Law.

Louisiana.—The people of this State have voted, 14,396 to 5030, to call a Convention to frame a new State Constitution.

☞ William H. Seward, Ex-Governor of New York, advertises that he has assumed the practice of the law.

☞ A meeting in favor of General Cass for the Presidency, is about to be called at Cincinnati.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ We learn that the Rev. D. T. Bedell, of Trinity Church, West Chester, has accepted the Rectorship of the Church of the Ascension, New York. This Church was vacated by the election of Dr. Eastburn, its Rector, to be Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of Massachusetts.

☞ The unhappy misunderstanding which has for some time past existed between the Catholic Bishop and Clergy of New Orleans, and the Wardens of the St. Louis Cathedral, is at length terminated to the mutual satisfaction of all parties. The Cathedral is to be opened for divine service again.

☞ The members of the Methodist Church in Boston, have more than quadrupled in the last fifteen years—more than trebled within the last ten years—and more than doubled within the last five years.

Army & Navy.

☞ The U. S. ship Vincennes, is now lying at anchor off the Battery at New York, ready for a cruise, and she is only detained by the absence of one of her officers, who is now in attendance at the Court Martial in session at the Navy Yard, in this city. The command has been given to Captain Franklin Buchanan.

The Marine Corps.—A bill has been reported by the Naval Committee of the U. S. Senate, augmenting the U. S. Marine corps, by an addition of five hundred privates, to be obtained by new enlistments. It provides, also, that the instruction of the Marine corps shall include that of Marine and field artillerists.

The Affair at Monterey.—The Alexandria Gazette says—"We are informed that the reported recall of Com. Jones from the command of the Pacific Squadron, is not correct. It is not yet known what course the Mexican government may take or what course our government may pursue in the matter."

Commander Latimer.—We learn from the Army and Navy Chronicle that the President has remitted the unexpired term of the sentence of suspension upon Commander W. K. Latimer, of the Navy, and he is now "waiting orders."

☞ The Rev. C. S. Stewart, of the United States Navy, has received orders for the chaplaincy of the United States ship North Carolina, the flag ship of the New York station.

☞ Captain David Conner, has resigned the office of Chief of the Bureau of Construction, Equipment and Repair, in consequence of the impaired state of his health.

☞ The U. S. Revenue Cutter Van Buren, W. W. Polk, Esq. Commanding, arrived at Savannah, on the 16th instant from a cruise.

Congress News.

We announced last week the passage, by the House, of a bill to repeal the Bankrupt Law. To finally dispose of the matter, a motion to reconsider the vote was made by Mr. Proffit. Pending this motion to reconsider, Mr. Cushing made a speech in reply to remarks which had been made upon his course by gentlemen. He disputed the construction which has been made of some of his speeches, and said that the question with certain gentlemen is not what is for the good of the country, but what is for the good of the party. He denied that a majority of the people of the United States were in favor of a National Bank; and therefore the Whigs had no cause of disappointment because the President refused to sign a Bank charter. Mr. C. said that a party was an association of men banded together for political purposes; and when he saw the whole subject presented in the fact that these parties were in pursuit of power, and the election of their favorite for the Presidency, having for their object the National Bank on one side and the Sub-Treasury on the other—he refused to be crushed together with the Administration, between the upper and nether mill-stone—ultra factions he would call them.

Mr. Cushing was followed by Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Garret Davis in reply, and at last Mr. Marshall obtained the floor. He spoke, at first, of the Bankrupt law, but speedily diverged upon the causes of the dissolution, as Mr. Wise terms it, of the Whig party. Mr. Cushing, he said, had to day thrown new light upon the causes of this result. According to them it was the conflict of John Tyler and Daniel Webster, with Henry Clay. "The fixed constitutional fact," had been arrayed against the unfixed partisan. It is thrown out that we, Congress, have neither principles nor measures, but Mr. Tyler has. That he will give his support to either branch of the Democratic party, for they are two—which will support him. Mr. M. said the principles advocated by this administration, and developed as we have here seen, was the very worst that ever was or could be sustained.

Mr. Marshall then proceeded to eulogise Daniel Webster as the Senator. He gave a character which has never been exceeded in eloquence by this truly eloquent speaker, and went to a length of eulogy which would have been fulsome flattery in the mouth of most other men. His praise, however, came down only to the time when Mr. Webster entered the cabinet, and Mr. Marshall was preparing to go into a sketch of Mr. Webster the Secretary of State, as an anti-climax, when, much to the chagrin of all parties in the House, who wished to hear the conclusion of such a commencement, Mr. Proffit brought the speaker down by withdrawing his motion for a reconsideration. No one could renew it—and so the vote of the House to repeal the Bankrupt Law stands as given. The bill was sent the Senate, and on Friday referred, in that body to the Committee on the Judiciary, whose report had not transpired when this account was prepared.

In the Senate, the leading topic of interest has been the Oregon Question. Little was done with it last week except the passage of resolutions asking for certain documents in the War Department. On Monday two communications were received one in relation to the Oregon, and the other to the Caroline affair. The orders of the day were called, and, Mr. Morehead having the floor, the Oregon matter was taken up. He denied that the passage of the bill under consideration presented any just cause of offence to England. He said that the Government of Great Britain, through the Hudson Bay Company had taken practical possession of the territory by the erection of forts, &c.; and that the company chartered in the time of Charles the 2d for hunting purposes exclusively had directed its attention to purposes entirely different.

The Company was exclusively British in its character and its feeling. It poisoned the minds of all against the Americans. It influenced the Indians unitedly against them. It pursued our traders, murdered them, drove them from the coast, and every thing save a violation of the treaty of 1818. The spirit of the treaty was violated over and over again every day, and in the most palpable manner. The treaty, too, said that the occupation should be a joint possession. Its spirit was not so, for the reason that this Company, sustained and protected as it was by the British Government alone, refused all trade and communication.

Mr. Morehead went farther, and contended that Great Britain had exercised her jurisdiction over the whole territory occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company. Joint possession with Great Britain was exclusive jurisdiction, and that Government had flagrantly violated the provisions of the treaty by the course she had pursued. Villages had been built and forts erected; flocks had been raised, and jurisdiction claimed. In protecting the Hudson's Bay Company, Great Britain went beyond the original business of the Government. In Navigation, in Agriculture, in Commerce, she exercised jurisdiction.

It was time, Mr. Morehead thought, that the United States should wake up to her interest on this subject. He would not violate the spirit of the treaty, but he would follow, *pari passu*, with Great Britain in the occupancy of the territory. The country would not be settled without the occupancy of the territory by settlers to whose grants of land would be made. He would say to the American settlers that they should have the possession of their soil as soon as their territory was settled.

Mr. M. said he was not one of those who clamored against England, nor was he one of those who would yield possession of the territory. He was not for war; the spirit, the policy, the good sense of the nation, was against war, but he was jealous of England. She was increasing her power over where, penetrating Africa, penetrating China, settling down in quiet possession in the East Indies, and now claiming the Oregon, and with no higher claim than that the territory was seen by Vancouver. He would not surrender our territory to such a power, which, though jealous of, he did not fear. That nation was proud, avaricious and grasping. Jealous of this spirit, he was more jealous of the honor of the country at home, and sooner than yield one inch of our territory, he would be prepared to vindicate our rights and possessions by war.

Mr. Morehead closed with the expression of a wish that the bill would pass, and Mr. Woodbury secured the floor, by moving the adjournment. Mr. Choate and Mr. Benton have also spoken again upon the bill. The other matters in the Senate are of less moment. A private bill has been passed, giving Richard Henry Wilde a copyright in a certain work which will be first published abroad; an amendment extending the same privilege to all Americans in like case, being rejected. On Monday, Mr. Buchanan presented three memorials from Philadelphia city and county, Mr. Bayard one from Philadelphia, and Mr. Calhoun one, asking for the Exchequer system.

In the House, the offering of a resolution asking information relative to the capture of Monterey by Com. Jones, brought out the information that no order has yet been taken by the department in relation to that subject.

On Friday, in the House, a resolution was adopted, instructing the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions to inquire into the expediency of allowing a pension to an old colored man, well known in Washington, and who, on all military occasions, dresses himself in a uniform bequeathed to him by the "Father of his Country," and who was with Washington at the surrender of Cornwallis, and is 112 years old.

The Army bill has been in debate in Committee of the Whole.

A bill for extra allowances, (to carry out the Ashburton treaty,) has passed the House. On Friday Mr. Winthrop, from the Committee of Commerce, made a report on the memorial of Benjamin Rich and others, of Boston, complaining of the seizure and imprisonment of free colored persons in their employ on board of their ships in Southern ports. The report concludes with resolutions declaring such seizure and imprisonment, when no crimes are charged against such persons, as unconstitutional, and in direct violation of the rights of persons secured by the Constitution of the United States; and also adverse to the treaties of other countries, and with foreign nations; and that the police acts of any state of this Union, authorising such seizure and imprisonment, are opposed to the constitutional and exclusive power of Congress to regulate commerce between the States. Mr. Rayner presented a report from the minority of the Committee, asking that the Committee be discharged from the consideration of the whole subject, and recommending the rejection of the resolutions of the majority. The usual number of both reports was ordered printed.

In Senate, on Tuesday, the day was spent in discussion of the Oregon Bill, Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Huntington and Mr. Phelps being the speakers. The bill will probably pass the Senate.

In the House, the morning hour was spent in a debate on the bill to remit Gen. Jackson's fine. Mr. Botts occupied the whole time, against the bill. The report of the Committee of Ways and Means, adverse to the Exchequer plan, was the subject for the rest of the session, Mr. Cushing having the floor.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

The bill to regulate the State printing has been finally passed by both branches of the Legislature, and signed by the Governor. It cuts down prices about two-thirds, but does not change the manner of electing printers. Under it Messrs. McKinley & Lescure have been elected printers of the English Journal, Messrs. Hutter & Bigler of the German Journal, and J. H. Steck of Bills.

On Saturday an act to protect contractors and laborers, passed the House early in the morning, and came into the Senate, where, after a very animated debate, it also passed, and was sent to the Governor. The object of this bill is to protect contractors and laborers on the Reading and Philadelphia Railroad against an assignment which that Company are to make on Monday, to prefer certain of the holders of its loans and stocks. The bill was signed by the Governor, and reached Philadelphia on Sunday night, just in time to stay the proceedings.

On Monday Mr. Penniman, from a select committee on the subject, reported a bill to divide the State into Congressional Districts, which was laid on the table, ordered to be printed, and made the order for Wednesday, as follows:

1st District—Southwark, Moyamensing, Passyunk, Kingsessing, Blockley, West Philadelphia and Cedar Ward.
2d—City of Philadelphia, except Cedar and Upper Delaware Wards.
3d—Upper Delaware Ward, Northern Liberties and Kensington.
4th—The remainder of Philadelphia not included in the above.
5th—Chester and Delaware.
6th—Montgomery and Lehigh.
7th—Bucks and Northampton.
8th—Berks.
9th—Dauphin, Lebanon, and townships of West Cocalico, Mount Joy, Elizabeth, Warwick and Rapho, of Lancaster county.
10th—The balance of Lancaster county.
11th—Luzerne, Wyoming, Monroe, Pike and Wayne.
12th—Susquehanna, Bradford, Tioga and Potter.
13th—Lycoming, Columbia and Schuylkill.
14th—Northumberland, Union, Mifflin & Juniata.
15th—Perry, Cumberland and Franklin.
16th—York and Adams.
17th—Huntingdon, Bedford and Somerset.
18th—Cambria, Indiana, Clearfield, centre and Clinton.
19th—Westmoreland and Fayette.
20th—Greene and Washington.
21st—Allegheny.
22d—Beaver, Butler and Mercer.
23d—Armstrong, Clarion, Venango, Jefferson, Warren and M'Kean.
24th—Crawford and Erie.

On Wednesday of last week a bill to repeal the law establishing the Philadelphia Court of General Sessions, and to confer its duties upon the Court of Common Pleas, passed the House by an extraordinary vote—91 to 4. The bill as passed by the House, abolishes the Court from and after the first day of March next, and vests all its powers in the Court of Common Pleas, (except the appointment of police,) and authorizes the Governor to appoint an additional Associate Law Judge to the Court of Common Pleas, and power is given the Judges of said Court to sit separately when the business is such as to require it. This bill has been received in the Senate and referred and reported from the Committee on the Judiciary, with some amendments.

In the House, on Monday, Mr. Hinchman offered a resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of bringing in a bill to provide for and regulate the assignments of incorporated companies and individuals; in such manner, however, as shall secure to all the creditors thereof a *pro rata* distribution of their effects; which was adopted.

Mr. Kugler offered a resolution instructing the same committee to report a bill removing the injunction on the Pennsylvania Bank; which was adopted.

Mr. Hahn offered a resolution for a Committee to investigate the management and expenses of the Columbia railroad, past and present; which was adopted.

Mr. Whitman introduced a bill to extend the time for completing the West Philadelphia railroad three years.

A bill erecting a new county out of parts of Northampton and Monroe, to be called "Carbon," passed first reading.

In Senate, Mr. Headly (corporations,) reported as committed, House bill to revive the charter of the Asbury Beneficial Society of Philadelphia.

Mr. Kline (corporations,) reported as committed, House bill to incorporate the town of Milesburg, Centre county, into a borough.

Mr. Hill introduced a bill to change the number of Canal Commissioners, and to reduce the expenses thereof.

Mr. Penniman introduced a bill graduating the prices of wholesale dealers in Philadelphia.

Mr. Bigler introduced a bill relative to taxes on inheritance.

Mr. Cochran introduced a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Commonwealth to inform the Senate how many pardons have been granted by the Executive since 1840—the crimes for which the criminals were charged; the county in which the crime was committed; and how many were granted before trial. Laid on the table.

The following offered by Mr. Penniman was adopted.

Resolved, That the clerk of the Court of General Sessions, and the Inspector of the Philadelphia County Prison, be requested to communicate to the Senate as soon as practicable, a separate statement of the names of all persons in whose favor a *nolle prosequi* has been entered, since the 25th February, 1840, together with the crimes for which each person stands charged, and in all cases where bail has been taken and the names of the persons entering such securities.

Dr. Seth Salisbury, of Bradford County, has been elected Librarian for the ensuing year.

The bill from the House of Representatives, providing for the cancellation of the relief notes in the Treasury, as directed by the act of 24th of June, 1842, without any reference to the act of 27th July, following, is still pending in the Senate. The House have passed through Committee of the Whole a bill providing for an Inspector of Leather in Philadelphia.

On Tuesday a joint resolution was submitted to the House by Mr. Hancock, directing the issue of a writ of quo warranto, to test the eligibility of Wm A. Porter, as Sheriff of Philadelphia. It was read, and laid on the table. The Bill authorising Spring Garden to introduce the waters of the Schuylkill, was referred to the members of the City and County of Philadelphia, a proposition having been made to extend the same privilege to Kensington and the Northern Liberties. The Congressional District Bill reported by Mr. Elwell (not the one above) was lost.

In the Senate, Mr. Gibbons, from the committee to whom that subject was referred, reported adverse to the instructions prayed for to Congress, asking them to repeal the Bankrupt Law.

J. B. Bratton was chosen printer of the English Journal, Best & Hummell of the German, and J. H. Dimmock of Bills. The House proposition, relative to cancelling relief notes was debated but not decided.

Sands' Sarsaparilla.—The extraordinary success with which this preparation meets, is a proof of its excellence. The fame of it is daily extending itself in a large circle, and cases of the most remarkable cures produced by its use, are constantly coming to our knowledge. Unsolicited testimonials in its favor, from the highest and most reliable sources, are pouring in upon the proprietors and vendors of this excellent specific.

When such authorities as the Rev. John Power, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dubois, and Alderman Purdy of New York, give their sanction to a medicine, it is time for all doubt to vanish from the public mind. Very few, however, we are happy to say, are introductions to the magic efficacy of the Messrs. Sands' Sarsaparilla—certainly none who have ever used it, speak otherwise than favorably of it.—*Boston Times.*

For certificates of cures and various testimonials, see advertisements in different daily papers.

Prepared and sold by A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists and Chemists, No. 273 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. Thompson, corner 5th and Spruce sts.; by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d st., and F. Klett & Co., corner Second and Callowhill sts. Price, $1 per bottle; 6 bottles for $5.

Changes of Weather, and Catching Colds and Coughs.—It should be remembered that a cough is always an evidence that some impurity is lodged in the lungs, which, if not speedily removed will so irritate those delicate organs as to produce inflammation of the lungs; a disease which we all know is the high road to consumption.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are one of the very best medicines in the world for carrying off a cold; because they purge from the body those morbid humors which are the cause of coughs, consumption, difficulty of breathing, watery and inflamed eyes, sore throat, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other dangerous complaints. Three or four of said Indian Vegetable Pills taken at night on going to bed, will in all cases give relief; and if the medicine be repeated a few times, the blood will be completely purified, the digestion will be improved, and the body will be restored to even sounder health than before.

Beware of Counterfeits. The public are respectfully informed, that medicine purporting to be Indian Pills made by one V. O. Falck, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills; and that all who sell genuine, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of N. A. Coll. of Health.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, number 169, RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288, Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198, Tremont Street, Boston. Also, for sale by Mr. Isaiah P. Cook, No. 54 Baltimore street, Baltimore.

☞ *Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.*

☞ It is a fact that certain portions of this globe excel in bringing forward to the greatest perfection particular branches of the Arts and Sciences, or Agriculture. England, France, Italy, Germany, China and the United States, each excels the other in different attainments. The contrast is also very striking to the observer in different portions of the United States. The north part of it for grazing, manufactures, &c.; the south, the cultivation of the soil; the Middle States also have their various productions, in some of which they excel; Delaware, for instance, supplies the north with Peaches, while in the vicinity of Philadelphia, or Camden, New Jersey, the peach trees are reared in the Nursery; at the New York Nurseries, the pear tree is the most cultivated, while the old established Nurseries at Salem, New Jersey, cultivate the apple tree to the greatest extent and perfection. Hence the reason why one district excels another in its productions. Attention is more particularly turned to the business undertaken.

DELAWARE.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for.
185 shares Phil. Wil & Balt. R. R.	7a7½
53 do. Mechanics Bank,	11½a11½
20 do. Mine-Hill R. R.	32
23 do. Commercial Bank,	31½
23 do. North America Bank,	205
20 do. Camden & Amboy R. R.	66
16 do. Philadelphia Bank,	39½a40
15 do. Schuylkill Navi. Co.	23
5 do. Union Bank, Tenn.	39½
1 do. Pennsylvania Bank,	75
$5000 Wilmington R. R., 6's, 1855,	56a57½
$799 60 Lehigh Mortgage Loan,	40a40½
$1000 U. States Bank Notes,	31½a32
$1000 Camden & Amboy R. R. 6's,	71
$3000 State 5's, 1864, a 5 days f	40½
$430 State 5's, 1858, C and P.	40
$1000 Kentucky Bonds,	81
$300 Wilmington R. R., 6's, 1858,	55
$3000 State 5's, 1854, C and P.	40½
$3000 Tenn. Bonds, 5's,	63
$900 City 5's, 1866,	92
$1760 Wilmington 6's, 1856,	56

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	8a10	Fowls, killed,	31a68½
" middling,	4a6	" Live,	31a50
" corned,	4a7	Pigeons, wild,	12a20
" Dried,	8a10	" Tame,	18a25
Pork in hog,	4a4½	Pheasants, pair,	37a50
" Cut,	5a6	Quails, pair,	18a25
" Pickled,	5a7	Salmon, fresh, lb.	12a15
Hams, cured,	8a10	" Dry,	18a18½
" Green,	6a7	" Pickled,	10a12
" Shoulders,	4a5	Cod, fresh,	4a5
" Jowls,	3a4	" Pickled	4a8
Pigs, whole,	50a81	Shad,	4a8
" Feet, set,	10a15	Rock, string,	25a31
Tongue, Beef's,	25a50	" Per lb.	7a8
" Buffalo,	50a80	Perch per string,	15a25
" Sheep, doz.	25a31	Flour, Wheat ½ cwt.	70a75
Sausage, Jersey, lb.	8a9	" Rye,	56a62½
" Butchers,	6a7	Meal, Indian, ½ pk.	8a9
" Dried,	10a12	Buckwheat qr. cwt.	62a68
Lard, Jersey,	9a10	Potatoes, basket,	25a31
" Butchers,	6a7	" Half peck,	5a6
Butter, fresh,	15a18½	" Sweet, per ½ pk	2a3
" Roll,	12a13	Apples, basket,	75a81
" Firkin,	11a12	" Half peck,	10a15
Cheese, R. I.	8a10	" Dried qr pk.	18a20
" Jersey,	6a7	Dried Peaches,	30a40
" Cottage, qt	5a6	" Pears,	20a25
" Souse, lb.	5a6½	" Cherries, qt.	6a7
Mutton,	4a5	" Plums,	11a12
Lamb,	5a6	Beans, white,	6a7
Venison,	8a10	" Lima,	10a12½
Veal,	4a7	Hominy,	8a9
Scrapple,	5a6	Cranberries quart,	12a15
Blood Pudding,	6a7	Chesnuts	10a12
Rabbit, gray, each,	6a12½	Shellbarks,	3a4
" White,	12a20	Sand Peas,	7a8
Opossum,	15a30	Walnuts qr. peck,	3a4
Terrapins half doz.	62a62½	Parsnips, do	3a4
Oysters per 100,	20a25	Turnips, do	3a4
Turkeys, wild,	75a81½	Beets, bunch,	2a3
" Tame,	50a81½	Carrots, do	2a3
Geese, wild,	75a81	Cellery, do	3a6
" Tame,	40a75	Onions, rope,	6a8

The market on the last market day was by far the most crowded one that we have noticed since the holidays. This may be accounted for in the fact that the weather has been remarkably fine, and the roads we learn generally good. The excess of supply on Saturday of course made the market dull for sellers, and prices rather lower than they had previously been. Pork, Butter, Lard and Poultry were the articles that fell off most, though we believe little was carried home or left over. All descriptions of meat are plenty and of good quality. Apples are more plenty, better, and cheaper now that they were during the fall and beginning of winter.—*Public Ledger.*

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia, Jan. 21.—The offering comprised 390 Beeves, including 69 Virginia; 267 Cows and Calves; 585 Swine, of which 275 were Ohio, and 590 Sheep. Beef cattle continued in fair request, and 585 sold, including 100 for New York, at $4a5.25 per 100 lbs. as in quality. Cows and Calves sold at $6a$13 for dry Cows, $10 a $20 for Springers, and $20 a $30 each for Milch Cows. Swine—Of the offering 275 were from Ohio, chiefly received via the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. The sales reached 400 at from $3 to $4 per 100 lbs., as in quality. Sheep were taken at $1a$3 each.

New York, Jan. 23.—At market, 800 Beef cattle, 175 from Penna. 30 Cows and Calves, and 700 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—Beef cattle have improved full 50 cts per cwt. on the extreme range, and we quote ordinary to fair $3.50 to $5.50, good to prime $5.75 to $6.50. Market firm, and 200 unsold. Cows and Calves—Sales of 25 $20a$35, which is a decline of $4 on the extremes of prices. Sheep and Lambs—Sales of 600 at $1.50a $4.50, as in quality. Swine—A lot of 110 from Penna taken at $4.50a$5, which are the prices for the few live Hogs offering.

Baltimore, Jan. 23.—Cattle—About 670 head of Beef cattle were offered, and 490 sold at $3.50a$5 nett.

Philadelphia Market.

Bark—No sales of Quercitron.

Coffee—Prices are steady with a moderate demand.

Flour and Meal—The Flour market has been exceedingly inactive for want of vessels for the Eastward and the West Indies, and prices remain without change. We quote $3.75a3,87½ as the range for common and fair brands, though there is but little if any Flour to be obtained at $3.75. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are inactive.

Grain—In Wheat, Rye and Oats—No sales of any magnitude. A cargo of Delaware Corn was sold at 42 cts per bushel for yellow, and 38 cts for White.

Hides—A sale of 500 Buenos Ayres Hides at 12½ cts per lb—on time.

Provisions—Supplies come forward steady and prices remain without variation.

Sugar—Nothing doing.

Whiskey—has declined, sales having been made in bbls at 17½ cts.—*North American.*

HEALTH OFFICE, JANUARY 21, 1843.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 14th to the 21st of January.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Asphyxia,	0	1	Carried over.	22	22
Apoplexy,	3	0	Fever, Puerperal,	2	0
Anencephalus,	0	1	—Remittent,	1	0
Burns,	0	1	—Scarlet,	0	5
Cancer of Breast,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	2
Casualty,	1	0	—Bronchi,	2	2
Croup,	0	3	—Lungs,	2	2
Congestion of Brain,	1	0	—Stomach,	1	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	9	8	—Bowels,	1	1
Convulsions,	0	4	—Heart,	0	1
—Puerperal,	0	1	Inflammation of the Throat,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0	—Peritoneum,	2	0
—Head,	0	3	Insanity,	2	0
Disease of Brain,	1	0	Intemperance,	1	0
—Heart,	1	1	Marasmus,	2	0
Drowned,	1	0	Old Age,	2	0
Debility,	1	5	Small Pox,	0	3
Erysipelas,	1	0	Still Born,	0	2
Enlargement of the Heart,	2	0	Unknown,	2	3
Brought over,	22	23	Total.	35—41	54

Of the above there were 3 from the almshouse, and 11 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARES, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Jan 15.	22	42	44
16.	37	42	44
17.	31	35	41
18.	32	38	45
19.	38	43	50
20.	46	53	60
21.	41	48	58

TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA.—AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN WORK—The American in Egypt, with Rambles through Arabia Petrea and the Holy Land, during the years 1839 and '40, by James Ewing Cooley, illustrated with one hundred plates—now publishing in semi-monthly parts, (at twenty-five cents each part) to be completed in four numbers.

The whole of the work will be but one dollar and fifty cents, being one-half of the original price, and containing all the antique plates and designs.

The opinions of the press has never been more enthusiastically expressed in favor of any American work.

Several thousand copies have already been sold and it is confidently believed the work will from its unusual cheapness, command a large sale in this new and popular form.

As this work will be found extremely popular for family reading and book societies, it is proposed to any who will form a club of four, and send by mail five dollars, they shall receive four copies of this work.

Agents and news venders are requested to forward their orders without delay. GEO. S. APPLETON, Publisher,
jan 28 — 148 Chesnut street, opposite the Arcade.

ALMANAC.

Feb. 1843.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
28 Saturday,	7 4	4 56	12 41	
29 Sunday,	7 3	4 57	1 21	D. H. M.
30 Monday,	7 2	4 58	1 59	
31 Tuesday,	7 1	4 59	2 36	
1 Wednes.	7 0	5 0	3 21	
2 Thursday,	6 59	5 1	4 0	First 7 11 17
3 Friday,	6 58	5 2	4 40	Full 14 2 53
4 Saturday,	6 57	5 3	5 21	L'st 21 5 32

Married,

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ide, John L. Charlier, of Saline, France, to Mrs. Mary L. Gross, of this city.

On the 24th instant, by the Rev. R. R. Lesley, Mr. Jeremiah Rees, of Lower Dublin, Pa. to Mrs. Maria Roads, of Philada.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Henry Hutton, to Miss Elizabeth D. Davis, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, John W. Colder, formerly of Lewistown, Pa. to Margaret K. daughter of Curtis Grubb, of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. H. S. Bender, Mr. Jacob S. Fay, of Milford, Bucks co. to Miss Catharine Keely, of Douglass, Berks county.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. Keller, Charles F. Fisher, to Miss Maria J. Carlile, all of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Chandler, John Manderson, to Mrs. Rachel Croop.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, Wm. R. Mathews, M. D. of Montgomery county, Ala. to Miss Cornelia H. Burgin, of this city.

At the residence of Gen. John H. Eaton, Washington, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. French, John R. Randolph, of the U. S. Navy, to Margaret R. Timberlake, of Washington city.

At Pittsburg, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Upfold, Frank Johnston, Esq. to Mary Espy, daughter of Dr. Anderson, of Bedford.

At York, Pa. on the 12th instant, by the Rev. A. H. Lochman, Mr. George Albright, to Mary Dugan, all of that borough.

At Easton, Pa. by the Rev. B. C. Wolf, on the 13th inst. Mr. David Gaubrick, of Schooley's Mountain, N. J. to Miss Annetta Bittenbender, of Easton.

At Easton, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. E. Miller, Mr. David Ross, of Broadway, N. J. to Miss Rosanna Hunt, of Easton.

On the 14th inst. by the same, Mr. George Thomas, to Miss Ellen Jane Brindle, both of Lower Mount Bethel.

In Shiloh, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. John Davis, Mr. Ebenezer Davis, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary T. Davis, of Stoe Creek, Cumberland county, N. J.

At Burlington, N. J. on the 16th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Allen, John Sharp, of Philada. to Mary A. Rogers, of Burlington, N. J.

On the 15th of June last, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, John Blain, formerly of Belfast, Ireland, to Miss Margaret Dickson, of Kensington.

Died,

On the 23d inst. after a short illness, John Little, in the 53d year of his age.

On the 23d inst. of apoplexy, Wm. Hook, in the 62d year of his age.

On the 23d inst. Mrs. Ann Dill, in the 80th year of her age.

On the 24th inst. John Roland, in the 71st year of his age.

On the 12th inst. at New Orleans, of pulmonary consumption, Wm. H. son of the late Rufus Tyler, aged 19 years.

On the 13th inst. at Columbus, Ga., Carolina Peace, aged 28 years, wife of Dr. J. Flavel White, recently of this city.

On the 22d inst. Gulielma Earl, infant daughter of Clifford Smith, aged 19 months.

In this city, on the 23d inst. Rebecca Ann, daughter of Henry F. Slaymaker, of Salisbury.

On the 22d inst. Ann E. Sellers, aged 7 years.

On the 22d inst. Mrs. Mary Brown, in the 50th year of her age.

On the 22d inst. William Rice, in the 31st year of her age.

On the 22d instant, Elizabeth Williams, in the 1st year of her age.

On the 23d inst. Jane Stayley, consort of the late Walter Morton, of N. Y. aged 53 years.

In Kent county, Md. on the 21st inst. in the 19th year of his age, Edward, second son of Michael M. and Eliza S. Maslin, of Philada.

On the 22d inst. at Navy Yard, Washington, D. C. in the 25th year of her age, Joanna, wife of Dr. J. Hopkinson, U. S. Navy.

On the 23d inst. Mr. J. R. Booth, in the 57th year of his age.

On the 21st inst. after a lingering illness, of pulmonary consumption, in the 28th year of her age, Miss Ellen Hickey.

On the 22d inst. Mrs. Charlotte Hatch, in the 33d year of her age.

On the 21st inst. Mrs. Marian Riddell, in the 36th year of her age.

On the 20th instant, after a short but severe illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, Mary Ann White, in the 64th year of her age.

On the 20th instant, John Willis, in the 67th year of his age.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. Emma P. Campbell, aged 21 years.

On the 19th inst. Sarah G. Potter, aged 19 years.

On the 19th inst. Abigail Shaw, aged 72 years.

On the 19th inst. Mary L. Mann, aged 24 years.

On the 24th inst. Nicholas Morgan, aged 56 years.

On the 3d inst. the Rev. John Thomason, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Wabash, Indiana.

On the 29th ult. at Natchitoches, George Hamilton, editor of the Natchitoches Reporter.

LARGE MILL HOUSE and WATER POWER TO RENT.—The large Mill House and water power to let, situated in Lower Merion Township, Montgomery co., on Mill Creek, 9 miles from Philadelphia, and one mile from the river Schuylkill, with three tenant houses and gardens. The mill house is 60 by 40 feet; it was formerly a paper mill, but has been occupied into a flax spinning mill, and has been occupied as such for the last year. The whole of which will be rented to a good tenant upon reasonable terms.

For further particulars inquire of the subscriber residing on the premises, or of REIFF & LUKENS, at their paper warehouse, No. 7 North Eighth street, Philadelphia.
jan 28-6t* — HANNAH HAGY.

NOTICE.

THE subscribers having formed a company under the title of the "National Transportation Line," for the transaction of business as common carriers, have the pleasure of informing the public that their arrangements are now perfected for transporting merchandise, etc. between New York and Wheeling.

A. DECKER, New York.
WM. L. ASHMEAD, WM. S. FREEMAN, } Phila.
THOS. SHRIVER, Cumberland.
JACOB SHRIVER, WM. H. STEELE, } Wheeling.

Philadelphia, January 1, 1843.

NATIONAL TRANSPORTATION LINE, Between New York and Wheeling, Va.

Via Camden and Amboy Railroad, Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, and Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, for the conveyance of merchandise, specie, baggage, &c.

Office in New York, Pier No. 2 North river, A. DECKER, Agent.

Office in Philadelphia, new Depot, corner of 11th and Market street, WM. L. ASHMEAD, W. S. FREEMAN, Agents.

Office in Cumberland, THOS. SHRIVER, Agent.

Office in Wheeling, corner of Union and Water streets, JACOB SHRIVER, WM. H. STEELE, Agents.

Office in Baltimore, Pratt street Depot, A. CRAWFORD, Agent.

From Philadelphia to Wheeling.

A train of cars will leave the Depot of the National Transportation Line, corner of 11th and Market st., daily, (Sunday excepted,) at half past two o'clock.

Receipts will be given for freight direct to Wheeling, and from thence forwarded without delay.

Shippers are requested to send a memorandum with every dray load of goods, specifying the articles, marks of each package, by whom shipped, and to whom consigned.

WM. L. ASHMEAD, WM. S. FREEMAN, } Agents.

Philadelphia, Jan. 11, 1843. — jan 28 6t-if

SILK WORM EGGS—THE CHOICEST kinds, raised by the subscriber, from healthy stock, for sale. They will be delivered to the purchaser as he may need them, now or during the Summer, being kept in ice. Peanut Eggs, from cocoons which regularly yielded 20 to 25 oz. of fine reeled silk per bushel; Mammoth Sulphur and White, or prime healthy stock, at $3 per oz. for either variety. Large quantities delivered free of cost in Philadelphia, New York, or Baltimore.

Also, Piedmontese Reels, price $10.

Reeled silk received and sold on commission.

Orders for Eggs, etc., must be accompanied with the money. Information on the Silk Culture extended to all inquirers. — EDMUND MORRIS,
jan 28 eow 3m-if — Burlington, N. J.

PUBLIC SALE.—PURSUANT TO AN ORDER of the Orphans' Court of Montgomery county, will be sold at public sale, on Second-day, the 6th of the second month, (February,) next, at 1 o'clock, P. M. on the premises, a plantation and tract of 94 acres and 17 perches of land, (late the estate of John Leedom, dec'd,) situate in the township of Lower Merion, Montgomery county, at the 9th mile stone on the Lancaster Turnpike, adjoining lands of David Roberts, and lands late the estate of Jane Price, deceased.

The improvements consist of a large two story stone house, 35 by 45 feet, with a cellar under the whole, divided into five apartments by stone walls, there are 5 rooms, pantry, and large hall on the first floor, 7 rooms on the second, with four ceiled garrets, and kitchen adjoining, 16 by 30 feet, two stories high, (the house is well calculated for a boarding house or boarding school,) 3 wells of water with pumps in good order, milk house by the kitchen pump with smoke house over the same, a good stone barn, with sheds, corn cribs, hen house, and other out buildings, ice house, 16 feet in diameter and 21 feet deep, filled with ice. The above property is situated in a good neighborhood, convenient to mills, and in sight of a public school and places of public worship. There is on the premises two acres of woodland. The land is of excellent natural quality—is in a high state of cultivation and is divided into convenient fields.

Persons wishing to view the property will call on Kersey Bill, residing on the premises, or on Samuel Leedom, one of the administrators.

Conditions will be made known at sale, by
CHARLES LEEDOM,
JOSEPH S. LEEDOM,
SAMUEL LEEDOM,
Administrators.

Also, at the same time and place, will be sold, (along with the above mentioned messuage and 94 acres and 17 perches) all that certain tract of land, adjoining the said premises, fronting on the Lancaster Turnpike, and bounded by lands late of Jane Price, and others, containing 26 acres and 16 perches, more or less, with the appurtenances. There are 7 acres of good woodland. The arable land is in a high state of cultivation, and under good fence. There is also a never failing spring of water on the premises.

CHARLES LEEDOM,
JOSEPH S. LEEDOM,
jan 21-3t* — SAMUEL LEEDOM.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!!!

DEAFNESS CURED—*SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL*.—For the cure of *DEAFNESS*, pains, and the discharge of matter from the ears; also all those disagreeable noises like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, etc. etc. which are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

The following interesting letter which has been taken from hundreds of others of a similar character must be read with pleasure:

New York, Nov. 16, 1842.

My Dear Sir—It has become so common lately to puff medicines by letters, that I would now refrain from any expression of my feelings or opinion, did I not feel compelled to speak in justice to you, and out of a desire to serve my fellow men. You remember with what reluctance I was induced to try Scarpa's Oil for Deafness, for I felt convinced, after many ineffectual attempts, that a deafness of ten years' standing could not be cured by any medicine; but will you believe it when I tell you on my second bottle I can hear almost as well as any member of my family. The effect upon me has been magical; my former existence seems like a dream; and the pleasure of listening to and hearing conversation carried on in an ordinary tone of voice, after being so long subjected to the use of the ear trumpet, is almost transporting. I do not much like to have my name in the papers, but if the above statement may do some good, I have no objection to your using it.

Your obliged friend, — L. M. CHELMSFORD.

Mr. E. Barton Gumpert, Phila. — 264 Washington street.

Read the following Editorial from the Times.

Deafness Cured.—We have heard a great many speak of the virtues of Scarpa's Acoustic Oil as a remedy for deafness, and we are assured that it is unsurpassed by anything known for the purpose. One or two instances of its curative effects have been pointed out to us that are really astonishing.

None genuine unless with the words "SCARPA'S OIL for Deafness" blown in each bottle, and with the written signature of E. Bell on the wrapper. — jan 7 eow tf

Prepared by E. Bell, and sold wholesale and retail by Dr. Jayne, 20 South Third street, and E. B. Gumpert, No. 180 North Second street, Philadelphia, also by most of the druggists in the city. PRICE $1 a bottle, or $10 a dozen.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST,

BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS,

No. 35 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January, 28th, 1843.

MAINE.	
Calias bank,	10
Agricultural bank,	–
City bk. Portland,	–
Damariscotta,	–
Mercantile bank,	–
Stillwater canal bk.	–
Bangor Com. bank,	–
Westbrook bank,	–
Citizens bank,	–
Globe bank,	–
Washington co.	–
Frankford bank,	–
All solvent banks	½a¾
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½a¾
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	2
Bk. of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks	½a1
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½a¾
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½a¾
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank,	failed
Millers bk of Clyde	20
Far bk. Seneca co.	30
Com bk. New York	2½
Lafayette bank,	–
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	–
Dry Dock bank,	1
N. Am. Trust Co.	–
Bk. Buffalo,	10
Lewis Co	30
Com bk. Buffalo,	30
All solvent banks,	½a1
Country banks,	1 dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Platsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co. Wayne County bank, Mer. & Planters,	broken
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do
Potsdam Manufac. Co.	do
Red Backs,	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
N. Hope D. Bridge,	no sale
Tren. Banking Co. old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hobo. bking & G. Co.	broke
Washington b'king Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do
Mec. bk Patterson,	do
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bk.	3½ dis
Moyamensing bank	3 dis
Penn Township bank	par
U. S. Bank notes,	50 dis
Girard do.	47 dis
Penna. do.	10 dis
Germantown,	par
Del. co. at Chester,	par
Chest'r co. at W. Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co	par
Farmers bk Reading,	1½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	31 dis
Lancaster bank,	1 dis
Far. bk Lancaster,	1 dis
Lebanon,	7 dis
Harrisburg,	7½ dis
Middletown,	7 dis
Carlisle,	7 dis
Columbia Bridge,	1½ dis
Northumberland,	7 dis
Miners bk at Potts.	8½ dis
Wy'g bk Wilk'sb're,	1½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	1½ dis
" Certificates,	1½ dis
" Post notes,	1½ dis
Towanda,	–
York,	7 dis
Gettysburg,	7 dis
Chambersburg,	7 dis
Waynesburg, p. notes,	10 dis
" demand notes,	10 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	4 dis
" demand notes,	4 dis
Erie,	6 dis
Berks county bank,	60 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co.	10 dis
Lewistown,	16 dis
Lum. bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	50 dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco banks,	½ dis
Mineral bank,	3 dis
Fredericktown,	2 dis
Hagerstown,	3 dis
Westminster,	3 dis
Williamsport,	3 dis
Cumberland,	7 dis
Salisbury,	7½ dis
Franklin bank,	20 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk,	2 dis
Broken bks.	various prices
Balt. Ohio R.R. notes,	40 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	dis
Georgetown,	dis
Far. & Mechanics,	dis
Alexandria,	dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	1½ dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	1½ dis
Valley bk & branch,	1½ dis
Ex. bk & branches,	1½ dis
Wheeling,	4 dis
Wheeling post notes,	4 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	2
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2
Small notes	4
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	2
Ocmulgee,	–
Monroe R. R.	–
Columbus,	–
Phenix bk.	–
Exchange bk.	–
Chat. R. R. bank,	–
Central bk. of Mill.	–
Georgia R. R. Co.	–
Ruckersv. Bkg. Co.	–
All solvent banks	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks	15 dis
Small notes,	16 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	4 dis
Bank notes,	4 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	65 dis
State bank,	63 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	3½ dis
Small Notes,	3 dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	5
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	3 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks	4 dis
FLORIDA.	
Wra Life & Tr. Co.	–
CANADA.	
Montreal	5
Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ½ prem.
" Boston,	½ dis
" Baltimore,	½ dis
Specie,	
Country Relief Notes,	10 to 11 dis
City Relief Notes,	11 to 13 dis

CLOTHING AT VERY REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH.—Circular Cloth Cloaks plain and figured Beaver Over Coats, Sack Coats and Roquelaures, something entirely new, combining the convenience of Cloak and Coat, Pantaloons and Vests of every description, Superfine and Medium Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Boots, Wool, Lambs Wool, Merino, Silk, and Buckskin Shirts and Drawers, Linen and Cotton Dress Shirts, Russian Belts, Suspenders, Money do., Shoulder Braces, Army and Navy Clothing with diagrams and plates of the late regulations.

GEO. W. FARR, Merchant Tailor,
Corner of Third and Chesnut street.

N. B. Tailors Shears, Crayons, Tape Measures, Cravat do. Eyles Punches, etc. — jan 14

STOCKTON'S ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE SALE OF INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, DENTAL INSTRUMENTS, GOLD FOIL, etc. etc. etc.

Second floor of the Ledger Buildings, South West corner of Third and Chesnut street, Philada. and at 263 Broadway, New York, opposite the Park.

S. W. STOCKTON respectfully notifies the Dental Profession and Druggists, that he has now on hand a new and general assortment of very superior Plate, Pivot, Molar, Bicuspid and Gum Incorruptible Teeth, wholesale and retail equal to any he has hitherto manufactured, together with almost every description of Dental Instruments now in use, comprising Pearl, Gold Mounted Scrapers, Excavators, Mouth Glasses, Drill Bows, etc. etc. Pearl, Agate, and Ivory, Gold and Silver Mounted Instruments, for all necessary purposes, of all qualities. Gold and Silver Plate and Wire. Rolls of Agents and Tubes, Gold and Tin Foil. Lathes, Emery Sticks, a first rate article for grinding teeth. Dental Files of various descriptions. Compressed Hickory Pivots. Tooth Powders, Brushes, etc. The above articles may be had at the most reasonable prices.

P. S. Particular attention will be given to select teeth according to order.

P. S. Dental Cases carefully put up to order. — dec 31-6m

All cash orders will meet with prompt attention.

N. B. Dentists are cautioned against unprincipled persons, who sell as my manufacture, teeth of their own production.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of JAMES CARSON, late of Lower Dublin Township, Philadelphia county, gardener, deceased, are requested to make payment, and those having demands against the same to present them for settlement to — JOHN RISDON, Farmer,
dec 31-6t* — Lower Dublin.

DR. H. H. HIGBEE'S REMEDY FOR PULMONARY DISEASES.

The lamented death of the late H. H. Higbee, M. D., has imposed upon those who represent the interest of his family, the duty of presenting to the public his valuable preparation in medicine. It is well known that Dr. Higbee adopted his formula while suffering under a severe attack of disease, which in his own opinion and that of his medical friends, was confirmed CONSUMPTION. His prescription was completely efficacious in his own case, for although both before and after the attack just mentioned, his constitution was delicate, he had no return of the pulmonary disease. In his practice, he found his remedy most salutary and efficacious, always affording more or less relief, and in many cases which he would otherwise have deemed beyond the reach of medicine, accomplishing a permanent cure. Yet he never intended to offer his preparation to the world as an *infallible* or a *universal* remedy, never as a specific, never as a panacea, but simply as the best prescription he knew of for a disease hitherto regarded as incurable.

As he in his lifetime conscientiously tendered it to the afflicted, so it is now presented. In some cases, of course nothing more than temporary relief can be expected, while in very many, the faithful use of it according to the instructions of Dr. Higbee will effect a cure.

The following extracts from letters of two gentlemen of high professional standing, may serve to show the light in which the preparation of Dr. Higbee is viewed by candid and intelligent members of the faculty.

[Extract of a Letter, etc.]

Trenton, N. J. January 20, 1843.

"Dr. Coleman to Dr. Burrough:

"Dear Sir,—An intimate acquaintance with Dr. H. H. Higbee whilst he was practising medicine in the same neighborhood with myself, has given me a good opportunity of speaking of his merits as a physician, and of the estimation in which he was held as a citizen. It was my opinion at that time that he was a better reasoner in his profession, and had more regard for the principles of medicine than the generality of physicians. His practice was extensive, and his skill never questioned by the intelligent. His gentle manly and amiable deportment gained him many friends, and his removal from the neighborhood was much regretted. I was called to Dr. Higbee when he was suffering from a severe attack of Hæmoptysis. His lungs were carefully examined, and judging from his past consumptive appearance and his condition at the time of my visits, I thought he could not recover. He, however, gradually gained health, and resumed his practice. His recovery was at that time mainly attributed to the medicine he has since offered for sale. He showed me the prescription, etc. etc. I afterwards used the same prescription in cases where it was indicated, and always without being dissatisfied with its effects—resorting to it as a physician would to a well proven remedy, expecting much from it in certain stages of disease, but certainly not looking for it to restore disorganized structure, &c. &c. &c.

"Very respectfully, — James S. Coleman.

"To M. Burrough, M. D."

[Extract from Dr. Burrough's Letter in reply to the above.]

Camden, N. J. February 1, 1843.

"Dear Sir,—Referring to that portion of your letter of the 20th ult. in which you speak of Dr. H. H. Higbee and of the character of his medicine—recommended in the treatment of pulmonary diseases—I fully appreciate his worth, and concur with you in the opinions expressed of his very valuable preparation. I have known the Dr. from his youth, and have long been honored with his confidence and friendship; and it was in the spirit of that friendship that about eighteen months ago he disclosed to me (unsolicited) the Composition of his Pulmonary Remedy, so extensively used throughout our country.

Since then opportunities have presented of testing the efficacy of the medicine in several well marked cases of disease, and when exhibited as recommended by its author, it has seldom failed in affording benefit to the patient, if not permanent relief. My experience and observation, therefore, in the use of the preparation of Dr. Higbee, enables me to regard the formula of great value in the treatment of pulmonary complaints, and worthy of public confidence.

M. BURROUGH.

To James S. Coleman, M. D., Trenton, N. J.

This medicine will continue to be prepared according to the original prescription, which is now in the hands of the widow of Dr. Higbee. It will be put up and labelled as heretofore, each label bearing the signature of "H. Higbee," and will be accompanied by the printed instructions of Dr. Higbee, yet as in many instances the patient may find the services of a physician desirable, Dr. Burrough very kindly allows himself to be consulted where personal application is made to him (not by letter) at his office, No. 159 North SEVENTH street.

The office of the Agency for the sale of the Pulmonary Remedy, and other medicinal preparations of Dr. Higbee, is at No. 159 RACE (or Sassafras) street, opposite Crown st., in the city of Philadelphia. — dec 17 3m

TO THE WORLD!—CAN WE FOR A MOMENT look upon our wide spread land, and behold the fearful amount of suffering and disease that there exists, without a feeling of painful sympathy arising in our hearts accompanied with the desire of bestowing relief if we possessed the power? No, we cannot; the human heart goes forth to meet its fellow, and extends to him the hand of sympathy, if nothing more. This may soothe, but it will not cure. He still feels himself an object that is lamented,—he still feels himself a cripple; the anguish still lingers around his pillow. Those at all familiar with the history of disease, cannot help being struck with the rapid increase of that peculiar range of diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, or habit of the system;—diseases of the mucous tissue, also of the osseous and glandular system, Scrofula, Cancerous Ulcers and Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Chronic Sore Eyes, and diseases of the bones. The chief cause of their increase is owing to their being hereditary, running through whole families and spreading desolation along their path.

But for all these ills there has a new medicine dawned upon the world; and in offering to the public this new preparation, which has for its object the relief of suffering humanity, it becomes necessary to state upon what grounds it puts forth its merits and the reasons upon which it founds its superior claims, to the attention of the afflicted, that all who require its use, may repose full confidence in its restorative virtues.

The proprietors of SANDS' SARSAPARILLA during the many years they have been engaged in preparing it, have tried hundreds of experiments upon the human system, and have had the pleasure of witnessing its happy results in numerous instances; and they were determined not to offer it to the world until they had become thoroughly convinced of its efficacy. They have now succeeded in preparing a medicine whose restorative virtues are without a parallel in the history of medicine, which fact is fully substantiated by the numerous testimonials of cures of the most difficult kinds of disease.

And now let the testimony of suffering humanity, who are gathering around it thick and fast, and by whose inherent virtues the lame walk, the leper are cleansed, and the afflicted are healed, bear witness of its merits. Let it stand or fall by its own inherent virtues. What it has done once it will do again, and by its use the world will be relieved of a vast amount of suffering and disease.

It is the intention of the proprietors to introduce it into the hospitals, into the almshouses and into all the public institutions, wherever enlightened counsel may be inclined to receive it, which have for their object the sufferer's relief. And to the American public the proprietors would say, let that medicine which is destined to bring health and healing on its wings to its thousands and tens of thousands, receive your favorable consideration—let all philanthropists sustain an article which has for its object relief to both rich and poor. As long as the medicine produces the desired result for which it is administered—and this has been proved again and again—is it not sufficient to all to administer it in cases where its benign influence may shed relief and happiness around the pillow of suffering and pain?

The following case, at once so remarkable, so extraordinary as almost to surpass belief, has, in order to place its truth beyond the reach of suspicion or doubt, been sworn to, this 29th day of August, 1842, before his Honor, Robert H. Morris, Mayor of the city of New York.

New York, August 22, 1842.

Gentlemen—A tale of misery and woe is mine to tell, and as memory every constant in the task brings back scenes that have past, I shudder at the picture and almost wonder if it is so. For months stretched upon a bed of suffering and distress, racked by the most excruciating pain, dumb with agony—the only voice that came from my lips the voice of groaning, and my only hope despair. Often and often while others slept in the still hours of night, I have turned my face to the wall and wished to die.

Although I stood on the brink of eternity and the thread of life was nearly severed, yet I still breathed on, the lamp held out to burn; I little thought it would be ever trimmed again, and only hoped that death would swallow up the flame. My sickness was first brought on by my imprudently exposing myself to a strong current of air while over heated, which closed all the pores and checked perspiration. My complaint at first seemed light and hardly worth notice, [illegible] a physician; but I soon began to grow worse, and a physician was called, who prescribed some pills containing a powerful preparation of mercury, to be followed by sarsaparilla root and lignum vitæ made into a tea, which I continued using for several months without intermission. Soon after taking the mercury I began to feel its poisonous influence. My whole glandular system became affected, also the bones, joints and muscles; lumps formed upon my skin nearly as big as an egg, accompanied with intense burning heat, which kept swelling until they broke, and discharged matter and blood. These continued to increase until they covered my whole body. But this was only the beginning of my afflictions; now commenced those torturing pains termed chronic rheumatism. At times it seemed as if I were stretched upon a rack, and all my limbs were being torn from each other; at others, as if sharp knives were piercing me at every point. [illegible] so great that my groans at night disturbed the whole house and also some of the families in the adjacent buildings. I had not slept a night since the early part of December last, the only sleep I obtained was a few hours during the middle of the day pillowed up in a chair, and the eruption also fearfully increased. My face was completely covered with an extending sore. I had now shrunk to a mere skeleton—the skin and flesh were so drawn around my thighs that the bones nearly protruded, and the physicians pronounced my case beyond the reach of medicine. Oh how I wished that I might die. From my long and protracted illness we had become much reduced in circumstances. A short time since while looking in the papers I chanced to see your Sarsaparilla advertised, accompanied with a certificate from Mr Burdock, of a most extraordinary cure made by its use. The case in some respects resembles my own, and I found that lingered hope still clung to life. It seemed like a whisper from heaven. The second day after I commenced taking it I felt the pain much easier and went to sleep. I had not slept like this before for months. By the time I had used one bottle, the pain had nearly left, the eruption was also much better. I now felt a strange hope gathering in my breast that I should live! perhaps be cured. No; this could not be. I dared not believe it. I went and got another bottle, continuing to improve rapidly, and still another, and I—in a few days since a miserable, suffering, dying man, was almost well. Two weeks from the day I took the first dose I was out, and walked nearly three miles without once the assistance of a cane. And now, gentlemen—yes, now I am well! and have, offered before my God upon His sacred Word, that all might believe this statement for it is true. True! oh how feebly these cold words describe those fearful nights of agony, those dreadful days of suffering. True! Yes, gentlemen, I herald it to the world that all may know what your preparation of Sarsaparilla has done for me. My heart yearns towards those suffering and afflicted like I was, and I only hope this statement will induce others to pursue the same course for relief.

Ever gratefully yours,
THOMAS TURNER, 42 Anthony street.

City and County of New York, ss. I hereby certify that on this 29th day of August, 1842, the above named Thomas Turner appeared before me, in the Mayor's Office, and having been duly sworn, stated that the above statement by him subscribed, was true. ROBERT H. MORRIS, Mayor of the city of New York.

I do hereby certify that the above is a correct statement of the case of Thomas Turner, and the effect of your Sarsaparilla upon him; his wife being a member of my congregation, I have frequently visited them and know the facts to be true. SEYMOUR VAN DEUSEN, No. 176 Duane st. Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Duane st.

We, the undersigned, being neighbors of Thomas Turner, do hereby certify that the above is a correct statement of his case and the operation of your Sarsaparilla upon him.

WILLIAM LOZEY, Wine Merchant, Corner of Church and Leonard sts.
JOEL E. PURDY, Grocer, Corner of Franklin and Church sts.
ISAAC I. COWL, Grocer, 97 Franklin st.

Reference is also made (if any further evidence is required) to Mr. James Brown, of the house of Brown, Brothers & Co. who is acquainted with the above particulars, in whose employ the above named Thomas Turner was a number of years previous to his illness, and he has now returned into his employment again since his recovery.

The proprietors also submit to the public the following certificate, from a highly respectable source, of a cure made by using their preparation of Sarsaparilla, which cannot but have the effect of placing beyond all doubt the curative powers of the medicine:

New York, August 3, 1842.

"Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Under a feeling sense of gratitude inherent to us all when suddenly relieved from suffering and disease, I now, as an act of justice due to you, and with a view of relieving the afflicted make known to the world the incalculable benefit I have received from the use of your Sarsaparilla. In the year 1838 I sailed from England to Quebec, and while on the passage first discovered the disease which after proved to be a sore affliction; and truly I can say, 'from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet there was no soundness in me.' From the time first mentioned down until the present, a period of more than four years, I have suffered all that human nature was capable of bearing. I have been under the care of the most distinguished physicians, both in this country and England, visited Bath, Cheltenham, Bristol and Gloucester, tried various specifics among others a large quantity of Swaim's Panacea, used sulphur baths, etc. etc. As a last resort I was recommended to wrap myself in a tarcontment, [illegible] myself also chanceing. I was induced to believe my case a hopeless one.

In August last, by the advice of friends, I went to the N. York City Hospital, but was there told that my case was incurable. The disease now enveloped my whole body, rendering me almost helpless; the skin thickened and cracked, and the sores running, until life itself became almost a burden. A few weeks since I was induced to use your Sarsaparilla by hearing it so highly recommended, having spent nearly $300 without obtaining but little relief. After using it a short time, I found myself better, and now, by using six or eight bottles, costing me less than ten dollars I am well. Yes, I certify and proclaim to the world that after spending over $300 in travelling and doctoring, and suffering more than can be told, I was perfectly cured by using your invaluable preparation of Sarsaparilla; and I now recommend it to all similarly afflicted. Those wishing to know further particulars will find me at my residence, No. 27 Warren st. New York, where I shall be happy to communicate any thing in relation to the above cure. PAUL BURDOCK.

ITS OWN WORKS PROCLAIM IT.—Let the following speak for itself:

New York, August 16, 1842.

"Messrs. Sands, Gentlemen—Owing to you a debt which money cannot pay, I am induced to make a public acknowledgement of the benefit I have derived from your (to me) invaluable preparation of Sarsaparilla. I was sorely afflicted with a terrible scrofulous disease, hereditary in our family, which commenced on my neck, and continuing to spread, soon reached my ears, running into my head, and extended all over my face, neck, arms and lower extremities. I became a disgusting object to look upon. At times my distress was so great that I was unable to sleep or lay down, and the disease extending into my ears, seriously affected my hearing. My face was one continuous sore, from which a discharge of matter and water kept continually coming out. People avoided me, supposing I had the small pox, or some other infectious disease, and I was consequently obliged to relinquish my business. Notwithstanding I had the best medical advice, and tried different plans of treatment, the disease continued to grow worse, until I gave up in despair. Fortunately for me, I chanced to fall in with a lady on board a railroad car while travelling for my health, who informed me that her son was at one time in as bad a condition as I was, and that by using your Sarsaparilla he was speedily cured. I immediately procured the article and commenced using it, and now, after having used less than six bottles, I am well and able to attend to my business. I send you this statement as an act of justice, only hoping that it may induce the afflicted to make use of the right medicine, and thereby save them much suffering and expense. Those wishing to learn further particulars concerning my case, will find me at 297 Greenwich street, where it will afford me great pleasure to communicate any thing in relation to the above case. I am, with gratitude, yours, etc. — AMOS DENMAN.

Other certificates might be added, but these are considered sufficient to carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind of the health-restoring virtues of Sand's Sarsaparilla.

Caution. As there are various preparations of Sarsaparilla offered for sale, the public are cautioned in order to obtain the genuine, to always ask for SANDS' SARSAPARILLA prepared and sold at wholesale and retail by A. B. SANDS & Co. Druggists and Chemists, 273 Broadway, New York. Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. Thompson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d street, and by F. Klett & Co. corner of 2d and Callowhill streets. Sold in Baltimore by J. A. Reed, corner of Gay and Saratoga street. In Richmond, Va. by A. Duval & Co. In Norfolk and Petersburgh by Sutton and Top. In Charleston, S. C. by Haviland Harrall & Allen. In Augusta, Ga. by Haviland, Risley & Co. In Mobile by Mosely & Co. In Cincinnati, Ohio, by G. P. Thomas & Co. In Cleveland, Ohio, by N. J. Gaylord & Co. In Utica, N. Y. by J. E. Warner. In Albany by A. Guthrie. In Boston, Mass. by Smith & Fowle, 138 Washington street. In Providence, R. I. by Chas. Dyer, Jr. and by druggists generally through the United States.

☞ Be particular to ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take none other.

☞ Price One Dollar per bottle, or six bottles for Five Dollars. — nov 19-eow 6m

LAW NOTICE.—THE LEGAL BUSINESS of the subscribers in all the Courts, except the Criminal, will hereafter be transacted in the joint name of JOHNSON & GREEN.

Office, No. 44 SOUTH SIXTH street, opposite the Court House.

OVID F. JOHNSON,
ASHBEL GREEN, Jr.

A. G. & Co. has removed his Office, as New Jersey Commissioner, from No. 84 Walnut street, to the above. — dec 10 1y

A NEW KEY TO THE ACCORDION.—A Key to the study and practice of the Accordion, in which is endeavored to be explained the best methods of performing upon that instrument, by the use of figures applied to the notes, in as easy and simple a manner, that even children, as well as adults, who can read figures, can play any tune immediately, without any further instructions than the directions given in this book. By David Ritter.

From numerous commendatory notices of this valuable little work, we extract the following.

From D. P. Alden, Esq. of the Philadelphia Musical Academy, and Instructor of the Accordion.

Messrs. Smith & Peck—A concise and comprehensive method for the French Accordion, with a selection of popular melodies, has long been anxiously sought. Mr. Ritter's Instructions, or "Key," which you have recently published, I regard as meeting most fully the wants of the community, than any work hitherto submitted for this instrument; and the rapid sale of editions already issued, must afford gratifying evidence of the correctness of this remark.

I trust, gentlemen, that an ample reward will be realized for the exertion required in furnishing such an aid and incentive to the young, to the study of instrumental music, and the more general cultivation of song.

I am, gentlemen, most respectfully, — D. P. ALDEN, Director of Philada. Musical Academy.

Philada. Feb. 1, 1842.

In bringing out a fifth edition, the publishers would observe that it contains a collection of 91 of the most popular airs. The rapid sale of the two larger editions is sufficient evidence of its merit and favorable reception with the public. Price 50 per dozen.

It is put up in pamphlet form, and can be sent by mail to any part of the United States. — SMITH & PECK,
nov 5 eow 3m — Corner 3d and Arch sts.

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 CHESNUT St.—The subscribers have constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHER, suitable for Boot and Shoe Makers, Coach and Harness Makers, Saddlers, Book Binders, Hatters, &c.

ALSO—Sole Leather, red and oak tanned.
nov 19 1y — CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS AND OTHERS.—M. ELVIN invites the attention of purchasers to his fashionable Hat and Cap store, No. 328 MARKET street, (below 10th, South side,) Philadelphia.

☞ Hats and Caps of every pattern made to order at the shortest notice. — oct 29 3m

GIHON'S BOOK BINDERY, No. 98 CHESNUT street above Third, over the office of Graham's Magazine, Philadelphia.

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Books sent through by J. E. Gihon to the care of G. R. Graham & Co. will be promptly attended to. Prices reasonable. TERMS CASH. — July 16tf

Gems from the Poets.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

BY WALTER S. LANDOR.

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
"Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
And, oh! pray, too, for me!

Popular Lectures.

THE ATHENIAN INSTITUTE.

THE REV. DR. BETHUNE'S THIRD LECTURE.

(REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

The Moral Opinions of Socrates, Plato and Pythagoras—With some Notice of their Lives and General Philosophy.

During the forty years in which the brilliant genius of Pericles directed the affairs of Athens, she derived universal glory from the spoils of conquest, the beauties of art, and the refinements of literature, poetry and philosophy. The population of Athens at that period was not great—the number of slaves being 400,000, while of the free citizens, only 21,000 were capable of bearing arms. Trades and manufactures were principally carried on by foreigners, licensed to reside in Athens—labor and trade being considered dishonorable by the Athenians, who at the same time honored employment in war. Painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry and philosophy flourished in a greater degree of perfection than in any country, while rhetoric and skill in debate were naturally and highly cultivated by the orators, who sought to direct or control the democratic will in public assemblies. Never, in any country, were there so many eminent men—poets, philosophers, orators, sculptors and painters, as graced Athens during the Age of Pericles. Still, the morality of the Athenians was low. Truth and virtue, it was true, were lauded on great occasions, but little practised. Sophists taught orators to make the worse appear the better reason. The tragic drama alone stemmed the tide of popular corruption;—its style was pure, dignified and noble. In the midst of this corruption, Socrates alone shone as a clear star in the midst of the surrounding darkness—and he was a man whose character, morals, and opinions of philosophy must be approached with a reverence approaching to awe. His motive—the good of mankind—was as honest; his confidence in the divinity as strong; his knowledge of the Deity, and a future state of the immortality of the soul were so clear; while his last thoughts were for the forgiveness of his persecutors, and he died with a martyr's dignity—that we could almost think him other than inspired by Heaven, as Plato hints, to instruct mankind. Socrates was born at Athens, 470, B. C., and was the son of the sculptor Sophroniscus. He exercised his father's profession at first, but soon gave himself up to study, with the object of improving mankind, and promoting philosophy. As a citizen he was exemplary, and bore arms several times in defence of his country.

None could have been freer from affectation. In dress he was plain, in living simple. Courteous in his manner, he offered insults to none, and when he received them, the only sentiment inspired in his mind, was compassion for those who returned him evil for good. When he saved the life of Alcibiades, by his courage in the field, he afterwards placed the crown on the brow of his youthful companion. He also saved Xenophon by his valor. As a reformer, he never advocated violent remedies; and virtue he inculcated as the duty of every man in every day life. He never favored dogmatism; and began with an acknowledgment that all knowledge is comparative ignorance; while he conducted and closed his inquiries in the same humble spirit. He had no contempt for the common people, and conversed alike with the mechanic in his workshop, the soldier in his tent, and the traveller by the wayside. His death was sublime. With words of forgiveness to the weeping gaoler who handed him the fatal cup, he took it and drank of the contents as if he were drinking a health. He then walked the floor of the cell, conversing with his friends on philosophy, the gods and a future state. When he felt the torture of the poison creeping along his veins, he wrapped his mantle around him to conceal his agonies from his mourning friends—and calmly laid himself down, and slept in death. Socrates wrote nothing of his philosophy, yet his oral teaching, free from all scientific ostentation, contrasted strongly with the pompous lectures of most of the philosophers, and above all, with the charlatanism of the Sophists, who hated him. By his philosophy, Socrates understood the pursuit of virtue. We were indebted for his doctrines and opinions to his two disciples, Xenophon and Plato. The testimony of Plato was not as certain as we could wish; for from having afterwards adopted in part the Pythagorean philosophy, he became perhaps naturally anxious to bend his master's opinions to those of his own school. Socrates, even in his lifetime, saw the probability of this, when he exclaimed, "Ye gods, how this young man makes me run on." Xenophon was a faithful Socratic, and the Memorabilia of Xenophon formed the most wonderful embodiment of ancient moral wisdom that had reached us. The slanders against Socrates were written long after those eminent men, and the lecturer only noticed them, to give them to the winds. In his philosophy, he believed in a Supreme God, and the lecturer quoted passages wherein Socrates described him as the "Supreme God of the Universe." * * * that he "preserved unfailing vigor," and that "our mortal sight could not reach his throne," &c. Socrates might have learned much on this point, it was said, from Anaxagoras; but it should be remembered that a belief in an original God was held by man in his earliest state.

Socrates divested the being of God from the foolish superstition that surrounded it; and it was evident that if he believed in Polytheism, he believed in the heathen gods as angels or agents of the Supreme God. He said—"see how thy mind governs thy body; in the same manner doth God govern the universe." Again—"the gods observe all our actions, and penetrate our thoughts, even the most secret; and they are present in our deliberations." In speaking of natural theology, he argued very much as Paley did. In speaking of laws, he said—"it is evident that the gods have ordained all these things," and he referred to the necessary punishment and even death of malefactors as necessary for the prevention of crime and promotion of morality. Providence was always a favorite theme: for he had a firm faith in the rule of Him, whom he emphatically termed "the Superintending God." He told Alcibiades to pray, not for such things as we ourselves thought good, but as the Divinity thought good for us." Whether Socrates believed that he was attended by a Demon or familiar Spirit, has caused much argument. Some have considered that this Demon meant Conscience; while others deemed it altogether fabulous; but it was certain that Socrates thought himself under Divine Guardianship. He believed firmly in the immortality of the soul, and a future existence, and he separated this future existence from the absurdities of common belief. He looked forward to a future state of rewards and punishments—that men who were good should be blessed forever. He considered that man's duties to himself, were continence and energy—to his neighbor, justice; and that the best worship of God was Virtue, or doing all the good in our power. Socrates had left us convincing testimony that the Divine assistance was necessary to teach us the way of virtue that leads to happiness. In a dialogue with Alcibiades, he said—"It is altogether necessary to pray, till one shall teach you duties to God and man." Alcibiades asked—"When will that time come, and who shall teach me?" To which Socrates replied: "He will do it, who watches over you."

Near the close of the same argument, Alcibiades observed—"Let him come at once. I deliver myself up to him." Socrates said, "Do not doubt it. This Governor has a tender regard for you." Plato appeared to have gone further in the early books of his Republic, for he there said—"A just man will be scourged, tormented, bound and have his eyes put out; and having suffered all manner of evil, will be crucified." The whole passage showed that this just man would be a Messenger from God. The learned lecturer observed that he did not feel a moment regard the passage as a prophecy, but as a strange coincidence with the Sacred narrative concerning the Lord of Righteousness. There is a remarkable hymn by Sapolo, his pupil, beginning—

"And yet a greater far
Unless great Socrates do err, &c. &c."

Such was a brief sketch of Socrates, and the lecturer said he wanted words to express his emotion and sentiments concerning him; and he would leave the great philosopher to the feelings of the audience. But we might all learn this lesson, namely—that the light he longed to see, shone for us. The school of Socrates did not long survive him, except through Xenophon and a few others. The most eminent philosophy that came out of it, was the Platonic.

Plato was born in Egina, 430 B. C. His true name was Aristocles; and he was called Plato, from the breadth of his shoulders. He was descended on his father's side from the family of Codrus, and on his mother's from that of Solon. It was related that when an infant, in Hymettus, bees clustered around his mouth, doubtless to indicate the sweetness of his persuasive oratory. He gave himself early to the study of the arts, painting, music, poetry and geometry. Mathematical knowledge and skill were united in his vast and noble genius with enthusiasm for the sublime and beautiful. The lectures of Socrates were the foundations of his philosophy. After the death of his master, he went through Greece; also to Egypt, where he obtained much knowledge from the Pythagorean and other philosophers and priests. He sojourned long with Dionysius the younger, king of Syracuse. And after being of essential service to that monarch, his love of justice drew upon him the most odious persecution.

At Athens, he founded a school, and gave lectures in a garden near a grove given to the city by one Academus—hence called the Academy—or the groves of the Academy. The beauty, sublimity, poetry and harmony of the style of Plato's compositions were largely and ably commented on by Dr. Bethune. Cicero said, "If Jove were to speak Greek, I would speak it in the diction of Plato;" and he also called him the "Homer of Philosophy." He was particularly careful in recommending a study of mathematics to his pupils. His glowing style caused him to be admired by readers of a similar disposition—by those who were sanguine and enthusiastic rather than severe and analytical. There was no writer, in reading whom, it was so necessary to keep in sight that test of truth "demonstration," as in reading Plato. However we might admire poetry, we required *demonstration* in philosophy. An extract from the Quarterly Review was here read, and the lecturer argued that a mere sense of beauty was not a love of truth.

"Truth of itself is of sufficient worth,
Nor needs the dress of art to set it forth."

Truth was God's image—veiled, not in darkness, but in living light. In his worship we wanted no shadows, but the light of day—except, indeed, those shadows which God cast from his own works, to show his own majesty.

Plato passed eight years with Socrates, and was not thirty at his master's death. After alluding to the Pythagorean partialities of Plato, the lecturer observed that while with Dionysius, he attempted to legislate and to promote rational liberty; but in both purposes he signally failed, chiefly because he was too impatient of present injustice to wait for sure reforms. He sunk calmly down to death, which came over him like sleep at a marriage feast.

Pythagoras was born at Samos, 577 B. C. He visited Egypt, where he was initiated into some of the mysteries by the priests; Chaldea, where he learnt much, and India, where he conversed with the most ancient teachers of medicine. During these travels, he became fully acquainted with the doctrine of the metempsychosis. He founded a school or society at Crotona, but it was rather like a philosophical, religious and political brotherhood; for he aimed at establishing a government, under the political supremacy of his sect. This sect was afterwards overthrown, and the philosophers obliged to fly for their lives; but not until they had extended their tenets over Magna Grecia, where they continued to flourish for many years. Pythagoras borrowed much of his philosophy probably from the sacerdotal colleges of Egypt. It was a fond idea of men of learning, to imagine that they were the best qualified to conduct a government; but in very truth, it was an error. A government of philosophers would soon be a government of the rich—for those who think and write do so for their living, and they would soon give themselves large advantages. An aristocracy of learning would be worse than an aristocracy of wealth or of blood. The best form of government was our own, where no one class possessed any political advantage over another. Nothing human was perfect; but although there might be some confusion in the process of fermentation, yet in long results our government would be found as near perfection as possible. "Mark that man who affects to doubt the success of our glorious experiment, for that man will be found a traitor in the hour of danger." The time and place of the death of Pythagoras are involved in some obscurity, but it is supposed that he died at Metropontum, about 497 B. C. It was difficult, the lecturer repeated—the difference between the *esoteric* or inner doctrines, known only to the initiated of the Pythagoreans, and the *exoteric* or outer, mere symbols, or only that which the philosophers deemed politic to be known to the people; and of this difficulty their ideas of free afford an example. But God was infinitely transcendent above all comparison, above his own created things, above spirits. They called Him "To En," or the perfect—"To Kalon," or the beautiful. They thought that there existed eternally in the divine mind, types of all things that were created—that God was a unity—but with matter, dual, or two, matter and spirit, and that there were four cardinal principles; but a multiplicity of principles and gods or agents followed, as things departed from their original unity. Thus they believed in the Demiurgus, Logos, divine agent, or soul of the universe—who formed the universe from the numbers or patterns of things; after which came gods over various departments of the universe. Then came heroes, divine or superhuman gods, employed to effect their will. Then the souls of men—then the souls of brutes, and from believing in a metempsychosis, or the passing of souls from men into brutes, or from brutes into men, the Pythagoreans abstained from animal food.

They also abstained from beans, because they believed that beans possessed some vivifying principle coincident with animal life—some divine intelligence—and one author says that Pythagoras believed them to have been produced from the same putrified matter, from which, at the creation, man was formed. As a proof of the strength of this belief, it is related that at Crotona, a woman submitted to be butchered by a mob, rather than cross a bean-field to escape. Thus, they believed in one Supreme Being, from whom emanated:—

1. The Demiurgus or Logos.
2. The inferior gods.
3. The souls of men.
4. The souls of brutes.

All these emanated from the divine "monad."

Pythagoras used sounds as he did numbers. From him we got the "music of the spheres." He taught that virtue should be universal; and in his notions of things, he considered matter eternal, arguing that if nothing was, nothing could come. He taught a pure morality. In the metempsychosis of the Pythagoreans, their belief was coincident with a return of all souls or spirits to the parent divinity. But their notions of virtue were cold. Hence the superiority of the Christian's virtue—not so much in action as in motive. The morals of Pythagoras addressed the intellect—those of Christianity, the heart. There must be *love* to mingle with virtue. We saw it in Maternal Virtue watching over the babe. Talk to a mother of the fitness of things? She understands it not—for after all, the principle of love, and *demonstration*, is in her heart. That "honesty is the best policy," was a maxim that would suit those very well, who were kept in the right path only by a fear of punishment—but was such the honesty, the virtue, that sprung from a love of our neighbor? No. The patriot who died for his country, died not for some abstract idea, but for *love* of his country. It was love—the love which smiled on the child, even over his father's grave.

Pythagoreans and Platonists both talked of love—but their love was but another name for admiration of the good, the consistent, and the beautiful—the heart could not share in it. With them, it was the prerogative of the wise, and to carry out the principle, heaven seemed to be made for philosophers. Plato had an esoteric and an exoteric system—hence it was difficult, at times, to understand him and his philosophy; and his warmest admirers down to this day, disputed about the clue which was to lead them through the labyrinthine maze. When we read Plato, we should remember that he wrote to mystify the vulgar; and that when he wrote on the laws, he thought differently from when he wrote his "Republic." He taught that there was a Supreme Original Intelligence, without beginning or end. That out of matter, the Logos or Demiurgus made the world, at the supreme command, and called it "To Kalon" (the beautiful.) And he considered the evils that existed, as necessarily coincident with matter, in opposition to the good, which was derived from the divinity; but he taught also, that there was so little evil permitted as possible. The gods, he supposed inferior divinities or agents, and that the Logos addressed them. He also taught that there was a Divine Soul of the world.

The lecturer had been asked whether the doctrine of the Trinity was found in Plato. There certainly was a kind of Trinity in the writings of that philosopher, but nothing approaching to the Christian Trinity. First, there was a Supreme Intelligence, which may be called "God." Secondly, the Demiurgus or Logos. Thirdly, the Soul of the Universe. The third person is greatly inferior to the other two. So that it may be called a Trinity, but not of equal unity. It may rather be termed three forms of existence.

A most remarkable feature of his system, was his doctrine of ideas. He held that ideas were actual, spiritual existences; that as a human soul was divine, that these paradigms or ideas were also divine; and that it was by a comparison with the paradigms or innate ideas in our own minds, that we knew a thing to be true. Thus we saw, or fancied we saw, a circle. Now, that, it was contended, was not the true circle, but the true circle was the paradigm in our own minds, by which we compared and judged it. Plato illustrated this doctrine by shadows, supposing the things we fancied we saw, as the shadows, the true forms being the innate paradigms in our minds, &c. In morals, his rule was:—"to be in conformity with the good." But he declared that wisdom was not for the vulgar. They must be kept in ignorance.

In his Republic, he recommended the Government of a few—an oligarchy of the wise and the good. The people were not to have a voice. This had put an Oxford Professor in an extasy—this view of the people being at the mercy of an aristocracy and a priesthood! Plato regarded marriage as unnecessary, making all children the children of the State. Plato could *not* see the beautiful system of the God of the Bible. No man could be truly a Patriot, who did not fulfil the duties of home. There was one, and but one kind of man who deserved the name of a philosopher;—it was he who had lofty aspirations for the beautiful, the true and the good. The system of Plato, even in ruins, had furnished the quarry, from which a thousand philosophers had dug materials for the construction of doctrines and systems. Of most of those philosophers, he might say, as Socrates had said of him—"How this young man does make me run on." Let us search for true philosophy in that one book, leading to eternal life, the way marked by the footsteps of Him, who preached the Gospel, not to the wise alone, but also to the foolish!

It is hardly necessary to add, that the above admirable and learned lecture, was listened to with profound attention by a large, fashionable and intellectual audience.

The Humorist.

☞ "Daddy, daddy! who pays for the education of fish?" "Why nobody, you silly boy." "Do they git their teachin' for nothin,' dad?" "They don't get any teachin' nor education, you numbskull you." "Well then the paper lies, dad." "How so?" "Coz they talks about the fishes runnin' in the sea in *schools*." "Go to bed! you prognosticious varmont you." "Yethem!"

☞ A communication in the Charleston Courier, calling attention to a concert to be given in that city, makes use of this queer phrase, any one "can obtain admission by dropping a tear of sympathy in the shape of *a quarter of a dollar* at the door. A very pretty figure indeed and rather new.

☞ Quarrels in a love affair, or in matrimony, which should be a love affair, but is not always, are like water to fire—a slight sprinkling makes it burn the hotter, while a large effusion puts it out, leaving the heart full of cinders and ashes.

☞ "La, husband" you talk of my inconstancy *before* marriage; but have I not always been constant after marriage?" "Yes, my dear—and that's the worst of it; for if you would only be inconstant *after* marriage, I might get rid of you!"

☞ A man who had married a Jewess, shortly afterwards joined the temperance society, and never dared to kiss his wife from that day, because he considered himself prohibited by the pledge from meddling with *Jew lips*.

☞ "You have got thin shoes," said Caroline's mamma to her daughter, "and they will wear out right off." "I got them to *wear out, right off*," said she, as she thrust her arm under that of her beau and sweetwooted.

☞ A well dressed young gentleman at a ball, in whisking about the room, ran his head against a young lady. He began to apologise. "Not a word, sir," said she, "it is not hard enough to hurt any body."

☞ "Do you sing?" says the tea-pot to the kettle. "Yes, I can manage to get over a few bars." "Bah!" exclaimed the tea-pot. "Do you smoke?" "Not exactly, but our kitchen chimney does confoundedly."

☞ An officer in battle, happening to bow, a cannon ball passed over his head, and took off the head of a soldier who stood behind him; you see (said he) that a man never loses by politeness.

☞ The adjutant of a volunteer corps, doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all his men, cried out, "All you that are without arms, will please hold up your hands."

☞ "Do you believe in specific gravity?" as the monkey in the tree asked the traveller, when he dropped a cocoa nut upon his head by way of attracting his attention.

☞ There is a colored gentleman in Nova Scotia so black that he rubs off, and his shirt collar is as much sooted as if it had come in contact with an iron pot.

☞ "Matrimony" may be anagramatized into "O! try man!" and "Husband" into "Ah! snub'd!" Good jokes for bachelors, but no fun to married men.

☞ A preacher discoursing on the present fashions, remarked, that there were more corset boards in the assembly before him than would *shingle a hen-roost*.

☞ It is with narrow souled people as it is with narrow necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

☞ The editor of the New York Sunday Mercury has seen a negro whose wool curled so tightly that it made him round shouldered.—*Pic.*

☞ "Did you ever see a wooden image walk?" said one joker to another. "No," was the answer, "but I have seen a rope walk."

☞ "*You're makin mischief dar!*" as the negro at the top of a ladder said to a hog who was rubbing his sides at the bottom.

☞ "Astonishing cure for *consumption*," as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.

☞ An old lady in Bangor has drunk tea until the tea plant has begun to sprout out between her shoulders.

☞ It is hard work to look at some girls without winking—and it is hard work to go to sleep without sleeping.

☞ "I am turned out to *dye*," as the hatter's apprentice said, when he went up to dip the hats.

☞ The fall that is most likely to injure a person's brain is—to fall in love with a pretty maid.

☞ "You're a very iron 'arted man," as the cockney girl said to the blacksmith.

From the Magazines

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK, FOR FEBRUARY.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY P. KENYON KILBOURN

Dear mother! I bethink me how, with mingled smiles and tears,
Thou guardedst well my infancy, and watch'd my growing years,
And how thy voice of gentle love first led me up in prayer,
To the pure fount of bliss, and bade me quench my longings there.

And when exultingly I sought the phantom of renown,
And saw, on all my vaunted schemes, the fickle goddess frown,
Oh, weary with the world's vain strife, its coldness and its care,
I turned me to my boyhood's home, and found a welcome there!

Though o'er the rock of cherish'd hopes my heart too oft hath grieved,
And some I trusted have betrayed, and others have deceived;
Yet, Mother! thou hast still been true—thy love hath kept its flame
Unchanging and unchangeable, in weal and wo the same.

The grave hath hidden from mine eyes the beautiful of earth,
And years have marr'd the maiden's bloom, and hush'd the voice of mirth;
And hearts I deem'd as angels true, are now estranged and cold—
Alas! that with the lapse of years the spirit should grow old!

I mingle with the multitude—my way is with the crowd—
And gifted ones are gathered near—the powerful and the proud;
Yet, pour'd like incense on thy shrine, my thoughts shall ever be,
Though manhood's sterner lot is mine, and I am far from thee.

A spell is on me!—I am not as in the years gone by,
A purer and a holier light is beaming from the sky;
Yet, though a sweet enchantment now hath joined me to another,
Oh! never will my heart forget I am a son and brother!

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR FEBRUARY.

THE FIRE-DOOMED.

A Tale of the "Old Dominion."

BY REYNELL COATES, M. D.

All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, direction which thou canst not see.
Pope.

"The reign of superstition is over," say those who believe their own age to be the most enlightened in history—their own country the most civilized in the world—and their own city the most refined of cities.

"The schoolmaster is abroad!" and modern philosophy is shedding light, deep and more deeply, into the oceans of nature. Children guide the thunderbolt of Jove, and make a toy of the flash which "hallows where it falls." We train mephitic vapors through the long drawn tube to illuminate our dwellings—dive deep into the bowels of the earth, exhaust its treasures, and explain its structure. We explore the cause of earthquakes and volcanoes—invade the realms of the infernal monarch—

"And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes."

We mount our iron-ribbed steeds, urge them with fiery goads, whirl over mountain and valley with the speed of the nimble-footed Mercury, and smile at the tortured fury of our snorting coursers.

The unsubstantial air cannot restrain us. We raise the silken car, and pursue our pleasures or researches above the clouds, until heaven-bearing Atlas lies beneath our feet, and we look down on the dwelling of the gods. For us, the ocean has no terrors. Beyond the hyperborean desert of ice we chase the monsters of the deep. Empires more vast than Rome look back on Thule from the regions of the setting sun. We plunge beneath the waves to plant our engines of destruction in the halls of Neptune, and argosies are riven like the oak before the lightning. All elements obey us; and things that shook the nerves of heroes, and made nations tremble, are now our willing slaves, to work our pleasure or increase our wealth.

Clothed in the glowing language of the Homeric age, such labors would have deified more mortals than could find foot-hold on the broad Olympus. But, alas!

"These are the days of *fact*—not *fable*!"

The very names of those great benefactors of their race, by whom the power of man has been thus universally extended—names, like their holders, formed of rough, tough, old Saxon, Gallic or Teutonic elements—defy all rythmic laws. Thus, fame the historic muse may say—but she can never sing.

Yes—the poetry of superstition, at least, is gone. The modern woodman hears no more the scream of the imprisoned Dryad, when the attrition of the forest boughs, bending before the blast, makes the wild solitude resound with their harsh creaking. The sportive Naiads no longer laugh in the music of the babbling brook. The last of the Sylphs expired long, long ago, upon the strings of the Æolian harp; and not a river god remains, even in the inland ocean halls and water-curtained caves of this wide land of cataracts and torrents.

The poetry of superstition has indeed departed. But still we find mankind divided into two opposite and incompatible parties. Those who still worship mystery, worship her in humble prose; yet, even at the present day, the ravings of the Pythoness are repeated in the jargon of the believers in the gift of tongues, and her oracles are heard in the dreams of the magnetic prophets. The mantles of the Delphic priesthood have fallen on the shoulders of Irving and of Poiers, and the spirits of Mahomet and Mokanna survive in the persons of *Matthias and Joe Smith*.

But, on the other hand, the tendency of modern literature, accumulating fact on fact from the rich granary of natural science, and ever dwelling on the physical—except, perhaps, where northern pseudo-transcendentalism "means not, but blunders round a meaning"—is calculated to obtund the senses which perceive the spiritual. It leads us to deny the existence of all agents incapable of being rendered obvious to sight, to touch, to hearing. It guides us to the gloomy region of materialism.

I am no advocate for superstition, whether surrounded by the gorgeous pageantry of the Egyptian mysteries, robed in the classic garb of Greece or Rome, wrapped in the dark mantle of Scandinavian mythology, or tricked out with hat, coat and pantaloons, after the prime custom of our own enlightened age; but, that the destiny of man is regulated to a great extent by laws and influences beyond the reach of physical philosophy—that, notwithstanding our glorious privilege of free will, on which accountability depends, both individuals and races are but actors in one vast scheme of Providence, of which we see neither the beginning nor the end—all this is clearly proved by the whole course of history, and by a thousand evidences daily challenging attention.

When bigotry becomes an epidemic, and the beauty of Christianity sinks in the fire of sectarian zeal—when arrogant self-righteousness erects its Procrustean bed, and would reduce to its own arbitrary measure the intellectual offspring of an all-wise Creator—then infidelity springs up to counterpoise its influence. When a hypocritical pretence of atheistic principles becomes the fashion with a race or nation, then, in the wide spread misery following the destruction of all social bonds, men look to a higher power for confidence and support, and leaping to an opposite extreme, too frequently invoke the aid of human laws to bind the untameable spirit in the chains of a compulsory faith—thus planting a national bigotry upon the ashes of infidelity.

Yet, amid the jarring of opposing forces, the light of truth shines on. It may be dimmed for a moment by diffusion, but, with perpetually increasing power, it still illuminates a wide and wider field. Is it a physical cause that keeps awake this flame? Is it written in the laws that govern the organization of material man—this principle that induces us to laugh at the faggot and the stake—that leads on tender womanhood and feeble infancy to dare the terrors before which nature shrinks, for the mere maintenance of an opinion? No, no! The first law of our physical nature is *the preservation of life*. The first desire of life is the enjoyment of physical comfort. In this overruling principle that causes us to sacrifice the one, and to disdain the other, there is something *supernatural*.

But men have died for false opinions; they have suffered misery and martyrdom for sentiments abstractly wrong—false gods, and faith irrational. Well! they have played their part on the great stage of human interests; but who shall judge their merits or their culpability? Can we determine, *now*, the nature of the evidence on which they acted, or judge how far their very organization had been modified to fit them for the sphere appointed them by Providence, among millions of disturbing and countervailing agencies—causes that agitate the nations, while humanity rolls on in its vast cycle, from the purity of Eden to the purity of the millenium? They have been instruments in the hands of supernatural power, even while endowed with the perfection of free will. According to their acts, their motives, and their talents, they will be judged—but not by us.

Glance at the history of races, and you will find tribe after tribe annihilated or reduced to servitude, in order to make room for others of more vigorous energies. Sometimes the vices of a people undermine the frame of government and the constitutions of individuals, until barbaric strength breaks in to furnish fresh materials for reform, where the original soil of society has been exhausted by a thriftless husbandry. Such was the fate of Rome. At others, we see the overflow of a more polished stock, in the full blush of manhood, bearing down upon the weak though virtuous infancy of less favored races. Such is the course of the proud Anglo-Saxon, as he sweeps to destruction the sylvan nations of America. Where now are those strange monsters of Peru, whose bones lie scattered on the Alpine plains—disgusting relics of a populous state, *half human in their form*—divested of the noble port and heaven-directed visage! Long before the first of the Incas descended from his native luminary, that people was no more.* And where are their successors, led by those Incas to the gentle worship of the day-star? Their temples are in ruins—their glory has departed. The skulls of their priests and monarchs adorn the cabinets of the learned in other lands, while their degenerate sons acknowledge the stern sway of bold, contending tyrants, who arise by turns the banner of liberty, to flaunt it mockingly before the eyes of slaves.

We need not visit eastern climes to find enduring proofs that nations have their final dates prescribed by laws no human forethought can evade—their youth, their manhood, their decay, their death! Nor Babylon, nor Balbec, Thebes nor Troy, can speak more sadly in their ruins the inevitable doom of power and greatness, than do the silent forests of our own new western land. *There*—broken columns and storm shattered temples stand half engulfed beneath the dust of ages, or the shifting desert sands, proud monuments upon the tombs of buried empires. But *here*—the very monuments are buried!

Palenque left Palmyra in the shade, and far outrivalled Egypt. Yet where are now her massive structures? The gnarled roots of the tall tropic trees are intertwined above her altar stones. The cactus and the palm are blooming on her palace tops. Her fanes are hidden in the mossy soil; and life—young life—runs riot over every memory. The traveller may wander through the wilderness of this "new country," and cross the crowded mart where thousands once were wont to congregate, nor dream that trace of human agency lies sleeping beneath the venerable woods. If you would seek the records of a fallen race, the very shadow of whose power oppresses us with awe, go track the jaguar's stealthy tread through tangled thickets where the light of day can scarcely penetrate, and follow the wolf to his lair in the deserted halls of state.

And yet amid this wreck of dynasties and institutions—these still recurring struggles between the sunshine of civilization and the night of barbarism—society advances in the grand career of improvement, unchecked by transient evils. The tide rolls onward, and whelms or overturns whatever dares oppose it, whether the strength of nations, or the pride of philosophy. Man often, for a moment, thwarts the schemes of nature, by the union of his free, unbridled will—but all in vain. He is thrust aside or crushed; and still the work goes smoothly on, leaving him but his personal responsibility, his motives, and his labors. Let him look well to these, and trust the issue to a higher power. "We are playing with Providence as with the automaton," said one who has thought much more than he has written; "we are free to make what move we please upon the board, but we are sure to be check-mated at last."†

There is no stronger proof of the necessity of a future state of existence, than the futility of our plans of happiness in this. The best desires, the worthiest exertions, are often rendered worse than useless here; and after all our efforts of benevolence, how frequently we find *apparent evils* from those very efforts, not only overwhelming the objects of our love, but recoiling on ourselves. There is no visible relation, in this jarring world, between the merit and reward of any act. Eternal Justice still demands the balance, and it must be settled elsewhere. Then, let me not be taxed with fatalism, or with superstition, for introducing here the story of "The Fire-Doomed." The reader may attribute, if he will, to mere coincidence, occurrences that ancient writers would have charged on *Fate*—and I refer to *Providence*.

* * * * * *

About twenty years ago, my duty called me daily through the wards and cells of a large hospital. Adjoining the buildings were extensive grounds, laid out in parterres for the accommodation of the patients; and, in one of those inclosures, all the lunatics whose violence did not endanger the safety of others, were permitted to enjoy themselves in sports and exercises adapted to their taste. Some played at ball against the high stone walls; others preferred bowling at nine pins; a few were allowed the use of the swing; and several were deeply enamored of the velocipede.

The graver spirits, whose age and dignity could illy brook such boyish occupation, generally paired off and took their seats upon the benches placed beneath the shade of a fine old colonnade of trees, and whiled away the hours with drafts or chess; or, seated singly in some cool retreat, pored over their favorite authors from the library.

A few, whose minds were too completely shattered to share in any amusement approaching to the rational, performed their fantastic gestures, or reclined lazily upon the grass, unnoticed and in silence. There were several whose customs furnished curious examples of the force of habit, when every faculty of dignity sufficient to claim a place among the mental powers was gone. Three of those imbeciles had chosen, each for himself, a favorite path across the grounds, and had continued, from the time of the installation of the oldest executive officer of the institution, to pace along the same straight track, whenever the weather admitted of his removal from the cell. The first was remarkable for rapidity of action, moving like one who has on hand most urgent business, and whirling suddenly round at the termination of his walk, to renew his course without the slightest pause. A second, with his head thrown back, and the proud bearing of a man who leaves the ordinary affairs of life to his steward and his factor, marched forth and back again with a stately tread, and halted a moment at every turn, gravely to count the number three upon the expanded fingers of his left hand with the index of his right; then he would appear buried in thought for a minute or two, and, with a courteous smile, would make profound obeisance to the empty air, waving his extended palms in a wide half circle, as if declaring to some unseen being, "All is right yet! So wait your appointed time, and allow me, *politely*, to decline all closer intimacy till our settled truce is over." The third was of a melancholy mood; with looks continually bent upon the ground, he moved on with a tardy, shuffling gait, regardless of all observation. Even the calls of hunger could not rouse him; and he was led like an automaton from bed to exercise, from exercise to meals, without betraying a symptom of volition, or uttering an intelligible word. The routes of these three pedestrians intersected each other at so many different points; yet, although the plodding of unceasing footsteps, during many summers, had worn their pathways deep into the soil, no two of them were ever known to meet each other in their walks, or to exchange a sign of recognition.

Continually flitting around these unobservant beings was a light and active Portuguese, muttering in an under tone his unintelligible jargon. A few short phrases only could be recognized, from time to time, amid the meaningless loquacity of one whose tongue seemed to know no rest by day or night; but these few had obvious reference to some too well remembered crime, which, could his shattered intellect have told the tale, might have thrown light upon his unknown history—for he was an idiot pauper in a foreign land. He mingled up strange oaths with scraps of priestly Latin, and occasional ejaculation, such as these—"Yes, dark!" "See to the old cross on the mountain!" "He could tell if he would!" "It was sharp enough!" "She struggled hard though!" "That sweet moonlight!" "But the rocks are slippery!" "Hush! hush! She'll hear you!" "Whisper—whisper!" "They built the pile next day!" "There stands the old cross now! *I see it*, and *it sees me!*" And every few minutes, addressing himself to one or other of his silent neighbors, he would appear to plead more earnestly, in an unknown language, for something which we could not understand. Then, raging with unaccountable fury, he would throw himself into a fencing attitude, and guard and thrust, advance, retreat and lunge, as though engaged, with an ideal weapon, in mortal combat with a shadowy foe.

In an obscure corner of the inclosure, squatting upon his haunches, sat a motionless figure, that might have been mistaken for the grotesque offspring of a sculptor's dream. The chin reposed upon the knees, and the hands were clasped beneath them; as in the dwarfish manikins of Chinese ornaments, that are sometimes represented as bearing enormous weights upon their shoulders—deformed, barbaric satires on the beautiful Atlantides of Grecian architecture. This was a soldier of the Revolution, who, becoming afterwards insane, had sunk into an obstinate and gloomy sulkiness, adopting, in his cell, the attitude described. Neither persuasion nor command could induce him even to retire to rest at night, and he slept, as he reposed during the day, with his back against the wall.

Years rolled on—and all attempts to change this strange determination were in vain; until, at length, another patient was quartered in the same apartment, in the hope that social intercourse might cheer him in his loneliness, and, perhaps, awaken the sleeping faculties fast sinking into absolute fatuity. For a time, a slight improvement was observed, and the poor recluse was enticed into an occasional remark; but still he held to his original posture with the determination of a Hindoo devotee, and, unfortunately, with a like result.

One day, the partner of his cell ventured an opinion in conversation, derogatory to the character of his former commander, and all the soldier was instantly aroused. Foaming with rage, he essayed the punishment of him from whom the insult was received, and made the most strenuous exertions to rise from his position—but in vain! Time, and the accommodating laws of life, had fitted bone, and joint, and muscle, to his habitual attitude; and that which had been assumed by volition, was maintained by compulsion. In his struggles he fell upon his side, and could not even restore his equipoise without assistance.

Restraint and strict confinement were much more common in our hospitals forty years ago, than at a later period; and before the time when I first beheld this victim of a strange propensity, due attention to the physical advantages of air and exercise began to be regarded as indispensable in the most hopeless, as well as the more manageable cases of insanity. Our poor old soldier felt the full luxury of this reform. He was allowed to ride out frequently in the coach belonging to the institution, and was daily seated in the pleasure grounds, when the weather rendered this indulgence proper; but his powers of voluntary locomotion never were regained. They carried him about as men carry a garden vase—his arms being employed for handles—and his utmost efforts extended only to the use of the spoon at meals, which the remaining motion of the elbow was sufficient to permit.

These, and many other interesting cases were crowded into that old bedlam yard; and each might furnish matter for a tale of sorrow. Though most of them were not unhappy in their madness, guarded and tended as they were by true philanthropists, some family circle had been broken up, or some bright dream of future bliss destroyed in every instance. As in the case of death, the survivors justly claim more sympathy than the departed; so in this worse affliction, the overwhelming misery beneath which the mind is crushed, acts as a blessing from its very excess; and it is then the same who suffer rather than the lunatic. This was peculiarly true of one of the little band to which the reader has been introduced.

The few who are familiar with the scene described, will recollect a tall and graceful man habitually seated on a low bench at a little distance from his fellow-patients, where there was a barren, sandy space, on which the grass refused to grow. There he would spend the livelong day in solitude among the crowd. His dress was humble to the last degree. A pair of much worn slippers upon stockingless feet, blue kerseymere pantaloons, and a short yellow "roundabout," composed the principal articles of his attire. His manly throat was bare, and his dark curling, but neglected locks, knew no restraint—for even in the full blaze of an August sun, he refused all covering for the head.

The soft glance of his hazel eye was lighted up at times with an expression of intelligence, like a solitary star beaming brightly for a moment through the mist of a murky night, while all the other features wore the settled and unmeaning look of idiocy. But there was something in the motions of his delicate person, and in the set of his rude dress, carelessly as it was worn, that spoke no vulgar character. Language he had none, unless a low muttering of undistinguished sounds may be considered language; but the modulation of his vocal efforts conveyed variety of passion. Their general tone was that of cheerfulness and persuasive affection; but sometimes they breathed the deepest melancholy. He was intolerant of interruption; and when addressed or pressed upon by strangers, would rise with every demonstration of anger, and seek some more secluded station. His sole employment seemed to be the graves of one cherished name upon the sand—continually, with his forefinger, or a little stick, he spelt out "M-A-R-Y," then smiled, and casting a furtive glance around, to see that none observed, blotted it out, and recommenced his labor.

There are those who still maintain the truth of the old saying,

"Men have died, and worms have eaten them,
But not for love."

and the tapestry, if tapestry it be, may be literally true, though not in the intended sense.

When the blight of disappointment falls upon the gentler sex, the very sources of life are chilled. The tender plant, transferred from its native paradise, to bloom amid the storms and strains of a more rigorous clime, while sheltered and warmed by the skill of the gardener, feels not the desolation that surrounds it, but breathes its perfume, and displays its beauty gaily, and fearless of the wintry blast. But let the fire decline; let him on whom it leans for training and support be guilty of desertion and neglect, and in one night of unprotected loneliness, the flowret falls, the stem is withered, and the root itself is frozen. It lies a hopeless, lifeless wreck on the cold bosom of its parent earth. And such is woman in her loveliest form, when her young heart is wooed away from the fond paradise of home, and she has entered on the chilly world, to share the mantle of a stranger when the wind howls, and the frost pinches. She lives while the bright flame of affection burns—she dies when it declines.

Not so stern manhood, with its stubborn frame. The tree may cast its leaves when cold assails it, but the root still lives. It is too deeply planted in the soil for storms to reach it there. Naught but the tornado or the earthquake can destroy its strong hold on existence; and another summer's sun may bid it bloom again. But though yet living, many a stately tree whose branches have been riven and its tough trunk cleft by the cold grasp of winter, stands forth for long, long years, a mangled monument of ruin clad in verdure—a libel on its race.

"And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on."

There are more lunatics from blighted affection among men—more deaths among the women.

The tall grass waves above the grave of the young man of whom I speak—for years have passed since his troubled dream of life was ended; but the memory of early promise dwells long in the hearts of the survivors. A name still cherished as a sacred record of misfortune, in the grief-wrung hearts of friends and relatives, may not be idly thrust before the gaze of popular curiosity; and I will, therefore, substitute the simple but endearing title "Charles" for one far more imposing and poetical, by which he was well known to many in his earlier and happier days.

Charles was the son of parents, not wealthy, but of high respectability. He was born and figured, during his years of reason, in the gayest circles of a southern city. Having been educated with uncommon care, his moral principles were firmly planted, and early ripened by the fond stimulus of his parents; and when left an orphan at the age of sixteen years, the dissipations and temptations of a lively capital failed to entice him from the path of virtue. His mind assumed the chastened, melancholic tone of thoughtfulness that betrays deep feelings and an aptitude to love and to religion. Nor was this gravity surprising, even in one who had scarcely passed the confines of his boyhood; for though a moderate fortune in expectancy, and means sufficient at immediate command, would have warranted him in the indulgence of the usual follies and frivolities of youth, which there were none to interdict, he had already felt the discipline of the best teachers. Misfortune had tempered and refined his character while yet a child.

Affectionate in disposition, the loss of parents, to whom he was most tenderly attached, was, of itself, sufficient to calm, if not to chill the buoyant feelings proper to his age; and the impression of this sad bereavement was rendered more deep and lasting by other similar disasters. Death had been busy in the ranks of his friends and relatives beyond the limits of his immediate household circle; but there were circumstances attendant upon many of the visits of the king of terrors, well calculated to increase the seriousness naturally resulting from such fatal accidents, and tinge them with a shade of superstitious dread.

Report, for which I cannot absolutely vouch in all its details, though there can be no doubt of its general truth, informs us that no less than five of his immediate connections met with violent ends, in various ways, through the agency of fire. One perished in the cradle, by the carelessness of a nurse, in leaving a lighted candle unguarded by the bedside of the helpless sleeper; another, when advanced in life fell on a bed of coals, in an attack of deep insensibility; two were destroyed in burning dwellings; and one by scalding, from the overturning of a heavy caldron.

Our hero's loneliness, thus fatally enhanced, increased the strength of his imagination—for solitude is the mother of dreams. He sighed, as all the young and sensitive have sighed, for closer, dearer ties than those of consanguinity; and, as the melancholic and poetical are ever prone to do, he drew on the creative power of genius for that companionship which Providence denied him. He formed, and fashioned into woman's loveliness, a bright conception of ideal beauty—half human, half angelic. An unsubstantial being of the mind became the object of his adoration. By night, this spirit seemed to hover round his couch. By day, she bore him company in all the changing scenes of life. She cheered him in the dull routine of business. When toiling at the desk, her whisper, in the tongueless harmony of feeling, bade him "Toil on! It is not for yourself alone these weary hours are spent. One day, my likeness in a mortal form will be the partner of our weal or wo." In the quiet of the study, while poring over the classic page—the eternal legacies of statesman, sage, or poet—handed down in

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"

his spirit held communion with *her*. Each noble aspiration was encouraged, and every mean or sensual idea checked by her mysterious and refining influence. She became a part of his nature—*within himself a better self*—to which his very will was bowed—a holy and controlling, ever present dream. He heard her voice on the breeze in the deep forest; he saw her shadowy form reclining on the fleecy clouds of evening. She smiled on him from the moon-lit ripple of the river—slept on the dark surface of the sedgy pool beneath the waving willows; and her wild, free laughter, mingling with the noisy babble of the cascade, resounded through the rocky glen at noonday. When, from the bright green, vernal copse, the thrush poured fourth its liquid tones, to him it seemed her song of hope that swelled so clear and high, luring him onward toward a happy future. When the chill nights of autumn were musical with the warning voices of the insect tribes, chanting their mournful dirge above the dying leaves, her influence was there, calming the troubled memory of the past,

"Telling how all things fair must pass away."

And was this love, or madness? There are some who dare to sneer at young romance, and deem such thoughts the offspring of a feeble mind. Away with the heartless falsehood! Such thoughts are full of virtue and ennobling excellence. What though, in after years, this world be found one wide-spread theatre of groveling selfishness, where the few gems of real worth lie smothered in the soil of avarice, pride, and custom? What though wealth and fashion, petty power, and low ambition, weigh genius with guineas, measure refinement with a tailor's wand, or estimate "the noblest work of God" by the mere gilding of the image—worshipping gew-gaw garters, and glittering stars, framed to "throw cruel sunshine on a fool?" What though we struggle vainly with the current, and find ourselves compelled by force to follow what we loathe, like a proud steed harnessed with mean hacks upon the turning wheel, and there condemned to toil for life in the same beaten circle, still cheated with the semblance of progression. Who that maintains a soul can look back from the stormy scenes of middle life or the sad loneliness of age upon the days when they could share such feelings, and gravely, calmly teach the cold philosophy in which they are despised? *Reader!* if thou art young, cherish that holy madness; cherish and warm it in thy heart of hearts; and when experience, in after days, shall prove, as it must prove, thy bright conception but a sunny dream, still nurse its memory as thy richest treasure. Save that clear vision of the future which sometimes spreads ineffable beauty upon the dying, life has no other dream so full of heaven.

But man, half animal in this state of existence, cannot be long content with the ideal. Whatever he conceives of excellence or beauty, he seeks to *realize* and to *possess*. Charles fled from the solitude of woods and streams to the far deeper loneliness of crowds. He mingled with the revelers at ball or rout. Wherever the young and lovely congregated most, there nightly was he found. Even at church, his thoughts would wander from their proper sphere, and bend themselves to earth. It was not that the sense of higher duty waned, or that he felt delight in gayety. His soul still mounted with the organ's swell, and the song of mirth jarred painfully upon an ear attuned to loftier feelings; but he sought amid the throng the embodied likeness of his airy love.

Many a fair cheek and soft expressive eye, that melted in the warmth of its own beams, arrested his attention; but there he found not the high principle that breasts the storm with firm enduring constancy. The bride all fondness while the summer sky is clear and glowing, but helpless when misfortune lowers, or withered by the first unguarded word, was not for him. Many a faultless beauty met his gaze, on whose unsullied brow no shade of care or thought had ever fallen—still calmly smiling, like a cloudless moon, unmoved by all the ills of life—content with any change for weal or wo; but he knew himself a mortal, and wished not for angelic partnership. In all, some sad defect compensated the nobler gifts of womanhood, and quenched the torch just lighting at the altar. Wit was linked with temper; wealth leagued with selfishness, thwarted the course of charity, damping the current while it swelled the spring; and fashion warped the soul, as it contorts the body, until all trace of God's high image was lost in the deformity of art. He grew sick with longing, and misanthropic with disappointment.

But, among the multitude of his acquaintance, there were two young girls, inseparable companions, though of widely different character. With them he had spent many happy hours. The elder was all cheerfulness and sweetness; and with her it was agreeable to beguile the time, when wearied with the round of more exacting intimates. This mild and fair haired blonde was ever ready with a smile of welcome for those she styled her friends, and asked no effort for her entertainment—contented if she pleased them, and complying if they preferred to please themselves. Too indolent to store her mind with knowledge, and yet possessing an unusual share of the light currency of conversation, well fitted to fill up the intervals of graver thought, she never ventured to assume the lead, nor ever flagged in following the discourse. Her parlor was the beau-ideal of a lounge. The younger was a fairy figure—the lightest of brunettes—sylph-like in form and movement, with long locks of glossy jet, and an eye full, large, and changeful as an April morn. It was not black, but of that dark grey hue that marks the mingling of genius and feeling. Beneath the inky lashes that swept her cheek and rose again whenever the eyelid fell in her more serious moods, there slept a Genius were combined not to be aroused until awakened by some master-spirit—for she was very young. A modesty that was free from bashfulness led her to doubt her own acquirements; and her enthusiastic and ambitious mind toiled on, without a guide, in the quiet of the secret study, while, in society, she never dreamed of sharing the discussion with those whom she regarded, often without just reason, as vastly her superiors in knowledge. In company, she was lively, sportive, and proficient—ever ready for the laugh or song, and careless of effect, except in dress. A graceful vanity there led her to display; and if she had a fault, it lay in the perfection of a *taste that would be gratified*, and rendered somewhat too distinguished her slender figure, already so attractive of the passing gaze by its surpassing beauty and perfection. Charles correctly estimated the elder of these ladies, as one of those useful members of society who, like the several almshouse young men, are deemed to be *the friends of all the other sex, and more than the friends of none*; with whom we may enjoy the freedom of companionship, unchecked by the cold laws of dull formality, and fearless of suspicion; a class who purchase their immunity from the impertinence of neighborly espionage and envious comment at the dear *price of single blessedness*; a class forever free from *all love's sorrows, and its comforts too*. The younger, who appeared a fairy butterfly flitting among the flowers of life, to sip of every honey-loaded nectary, till the frost of age should chill its gaudy wing, was cherished as a favorite child. An interchange of serious or lasting feeling with one whose thoughts seemed evanescent as a summer breeze, had never mingled with his dreams; and yet, to answer all her rapid queries on a thousand disconnected subjects—to pour the light of philosophic truth upon a mind that drank instruction as a thirsty soil imbibes the rain-shower—became his nightly and delightful task, as the long winter evenings stole unmarked away. The effort always met a rich reward in the enraptured glance of keen intelligence that welcomed every new idea; and this was all he asked or hoped to see. But he knew not the depth of soul that dwelt within the bosom of that gay young creature—the springs of genius and feeling, tossed by the gushing of their secret fountains, that welled around her heart—he only saw, in the bright play of ever changing features, the sportive sunbeams dancing on the surface.

Months passed, and spring succeeded winter. The only remaining parent of the elder girl fled with her family to the cooler regions of the north; and her young friend, whose father's interests bound him to the spot, (he was a widower, and professional,) accompanied them to their chosen retreat upon the Hudson. Charles bade adieu to his half plaything and half pupil, without one thought of serious regret—for he intended to devote the summer to the routine of business, and not to pleasure; and this was a prudent intention, as the condition of his affairs had not been benefitted by his previous devotion to society.

But habits are not readily broken by young men of two and twenty. Before one week had waned, he felt oppressed by a sense of loneliness for which he could not well account. Another week swept by, and the duties of the office became so wearying that he was tempted to renew once more his solitary rambles in the country.

"'Tis strange," he mentally exclaimed, on one of these excursions, "these groves seem far less beautiful than they appeared but one short year ago; can I be growing old so rapidly that nature and her loveliness begin to pall upon my taste already? The birds are singing and the brook bounds and bubbles now as formerly; but there is something wanting. How often my thoughts revert to Mary; and how seldom I think of those bright images that used to people every scene. I am becoming exceedingly prosaic. Can it be that the mere prattle of a child has grown so necessary to me that I no longer enjoy my day-dreams, and my airy-castle building? Startled by the rustle of every leaf, I turn to see her springing toward me through the shrubbery, and feel discontented that it is not her footstep. When musing by the river side, while thoughts crowd thick upon me, I dream that she is sitting by my side, and wonder at her long protracted silence. It is very strange!"

Yet another week, and he found it in vain to struggle with the growing feeling of ennui that began to render him querulous and unhappy. His books were neglected—his purposes unsettled. He could apply himself to nothing.

"There can be no advantage in remaining here," he suddenly resolved, "to brave the dangers of a sickly summer, when there is no hope of industry. My mind has lost the power of application. This is the warmest season we have known for many years; and I had better travel till the cloud that hovers over me is dissipated."

Towards the end of September, the two young ladies who figure in our story, were returning from an evening walk by the margin of a bold and dashing stream that hurries through a rocky glen, in Dutchess County, to pour its crystal tribute into the Hudson. They had just entered the road that led to the rural mansion which they had chosen for their summer residence, when they observed a tall young man advancing toward them from the house with springing step. He was clad in the green and yellow costume of a hunter, and in his hand he trailed a long and heavy rifle. The ample woodman's frock obscured the outline of his person, and the visor of his foraging-cap concealed, in part, his features. The ladies paused in some alarm, for the dress and carriage belonged not to the quiet region of the sober Netherlanders by whom they were surrounded. Slackening his speed as he drew near, the stranger halted at the distance of a few paces. His face was deeply sunburnt, and they did not recognise him. Enjoying their confusion for a moment, he removed the cap to wipe the perspiration from his brow, and laughed.

"Charles! dearest Charles!" exclaimed the younger lady, and sprung to meet him with the girlish frankness of sixteen. But why did she arrest her steps midway, and blush at her precipitation. She never hesitated thus before! She knew not—not did he—but so it was. She blushed, and bidding him welcome with the simple phrase, "we are glad to see you," retreated instantly, and left her companion to express, in stronger terms, their pleasure and surprise. Charles thought her cold.

"I am just returning to the sunny south," he said "after a long and most enchanting journey; and could not pass so near your residence without extending my ramble for a few miles, to tender you my respects and offer to convey your messages to friends at home."

"We shall return ourselves in a few weeks," replied the elder lady. "Mother has been wishing to enlist the services of some preux cavalier to protect us on our journey. She will be rejoiced at your arrival. Can you not share our hermitage and our wanderings for one short month? We will do our best to please you. Come, you must not refuse. But where have you been, you truant? And why have you assumed this strange attire? You look more like an Indian from the far west than our grave, pale and sentimental Mr. ———. How long since you left dear Virginia? Bless me, how brown you are! How did you leave Mr. Jones, and the Misses Thomsons, and—and Mr. Featheroy, and all our other friends? Who's at home? and who's away? and where have they gone? and how do you live in the city when there is nobody there? Do tell me at once, for I am dying to hear all about it."

"So many questions in a single breath? Well, they shall all be answered at the house. I've been a chamois on the mountains—a wild deer in the forest—and a swan among the lakes! But you *shall* hear all about it, Ellen. Where is your mother? She was not at home when I called at the house just now."

"There is a lady of our acquaintance lying very ill on the next plantation," she replied, "and mother gives the afternoon to her. She will return to tea."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* Science is sometimes destructive of poetry. Dr. S. G. Morton, of this city, whose collection of the heads of races is one of the most perfect in existence, possesses some human skulls of ancient Peruvians, so utterly deformed as to make it difficult to believe that the possessor could have maintained habitually the erect position. These skulls belong to a race more ancient than the nation conquered by the Spaniards. The learned anatomist into whose possession they have fallen formerly believed their enormous elongation to be the result of a natural peculiarity of structure; but further investigation has convinced him that in them, as in the flat-head Indians of our own territories, artificial compression has been employed to produce deformity of the head; and, strange as it may appear, there is some ground for believing that the degree of deformity was rendered proportionate to the social rank of the individual. If Dr. Morton is warranted in his present opinion on this subject, it is at least probable that the race in question is not extinct; for the Indians of the interior part of Peru still continue to flatten or change the form of the head by artificial compression during childhood. At all events, if still in existence, it is only as a most miserable and profoundly barbarous relic of a once powerful and highly polished nation.

† I received this beautiful simile from the late Sir John Caldwell, to whom it had been addressed in argument by Mr. Hazzard, of Rhode Island.

Juvenile Department

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

I am composed of thirty two letters.

My 1, 14, 30, 16, 18, 29, 19, was the first king of Egypt.
My 2, 9, 13, 14, 18, 17, 26, was sister to Paulus Æmilius
My 3, 11, 30, 4, 8, was tyrant of Pheræ.
My 4, 22, 29, 11, 30, was high-priest of the Jews.
My 5, 20, 31, 8, 21, is a river crossed by Hannibal and his army.
My 6, 4, 27, 6, 29, 3, 30 was a sophist sent deputy from Leontines to Athens to demand aid against the Syracusians.
My 7, 12, 21, 30, was a city in the territory of Sparta.
My 8, 21, 29, 7, 1, 14, 3, 23, was cup-bearer of Artaxerxes.
My 9, 14, 31, 28, was a city of Trace taken by Cimon
My 10, 4, 19, 25, 22, 30, was defeated in two battles by Pyrrhus.
My 11, 21, 8, 2, was a very rich temple in Media
My 12, 18, 1, 17, 25, was a courtesan to Demetrius.
My 13, 7, 12, 16, 30, was in the castle at Cairo in Egypt.
My 14, 4, 8, 17, 26, 22, 30, revolted against Darius king of Persia.
My 15, 9, 31, 8, defended the citadel of Syracuse against Icetas.
My 16, 21, 11, 7, 3, 26, was courtesan to whom the Athenians erected a statue.
My 17, 31, 8, was son of Xuthus who gave his name to a province of Asia Minor.
My 18, 10, 14, 2, 19, 22, 9, 30, deceived and betrayed Crassus one of the Roman Consuls.
My 19, 26, 6, 29, 9, 30, 17, 2, was a city of Caria, the revenues of which Artaxerxes gave Themistocles for his subsistence.
My 20, 31, 13, 9, 23, was a famous Grecian poet
My 21, 16, 29, 30, was a prince of Peloponnesus where the olympic games were celebrated.
My 22, 9, 19, 26, 21, 11, was games instituted near Nemea.
My 23, 9, 15, 20, 6, 14, 31, 23, was greatly attended to by the ancients.
My 24, 9, 32, 17, 30, 21, 23, is a river in Asia.
My 25, 21, 22, 1, 14, 2, 30, was prime minister of Antiochus the Great.
My 26, 23, 6, 31, was king of Lydia.
My 27, 21, 6, 31, 32, is a town in Beloochistan.
My 28, 11, 3, 20, 13, 4, 25, 18, 9, is a town in Hindustan.
My 29, 30, 16, 31, was part of the city of Syracuse.
My 30, 21, 16, 18, 30, 14, 11, was a city of Peloponnesus famous for the battle between Antigonus and Cleomenes.
My 31, 20, 17, 15, 14, 30, was a Persian lord who marched against Megabyzus.
My 32, 4, 18, 1, 21, 8, was a famous city of Egypt.
My whole was a distinguished officer in the late war.

The Olio.

WELLERISMS.—"Hail! wedded love!" as the man said to his wife when she asked him what was breaking the windows.

"That *motion* is out of order," as the chairman of a political meeting said, when a rowdy raised his arm to throw an egg.

"I'm very hard pushed these times," as the wheelbarrow said, when going up hill with a load of stones.

"A new broom sweeps clean," as the widow said when her new husband ran off with all her money.

"I can be no follower of thine," as the cripple said when the loafer ran off with his crutches.

"I hope I have given *satisfaction*," as the pistol ball said to the wounded duellist.

"I'm getting up in the world," as the shad said when drawn out of the water.

"Don't all speak at once," as the instructor said to his deaf and dumb pupils.

"This must be looked into!" as the spoilt child said to his father's watch.

"You can't come it!" as the thief said to the chained bull dog.

"This is sharp work," as the knife blade said to the grind stone.

RECIPROCAL FORGETFULNESS.—Captain R——n who had been from home a year and a half, wrote to his wife that he had arrived in London, and intended to be at Barton, where he wished her to meet him on a certain day which he named. The lady was punctual to the appointment, and so was the captain. They met at Waterside Hotel, but strange to say, did not know each other. At length Mrs. R——n became restless and impatient, frequently going to a window and "peering out" in the direction of the London road. This the captain observed for some time in silence, but at last ventured to ask her if she was waiting for any person. "I expect my husband, Captain R——n, will be here every instant," answered the lady. "Bless me!" exclaimed he, "why then you are my wife, but may I be keel hauled if I know your colors." The result of the discovery was a friendly kiss and mutual congratulation.

THE PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.—"Mother," asked a tall gawky, "what did you and dad use to do when he came a courting you?"

"Good airth and seas! what put that into the boy's head? What do you mean, Jedediah?"

"Well, I went over to see Peggy Haskins 'tother night, and she told me I didn't know how to court, I axed her to show me, and sez she, 'ax your marm!' What did you do, mother?"

"La! sus! Why, Jeb, we used to sit in the corner and eat roast turkey!"

"Good gracious! times aint as they used to be, mother, cartin—the only thing Peggy gin me was a *raw cold pickle!*"

FATHERLY ADVICE.—"Where have you been all day?" said Richard Brinsley Sheridan to his son Tom. "You could not guess, though you should try a week," replied his dutiful offspring. "Perhaps you have been to pay for that new pair of boots. That is the most likely improbability." "No, father, I have not; but I don't think you'll ever guess; so, I'll tell you, to save trouble. I've been at the bottom of a coal pit." "What carried you there?" "Oh, no particular motive; I only went into the pit to be able to say I had been in one." "Couldn't you say *that* without going, you fool?"

ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF WESTERN ORATORY.—A stump orator is said to have made use of the following language on a recent occasion: "If I am elected to this office, I will represent my constituents as the sea represents the earth, or the night contrasts with the day. I will unrivet human society, clean all its parts, and screw it together again. I will correct all abuses, purge out all corruption, and go through the enemies of our party like a rat through a new cheese. My chief recommendations are, that at the public dinner given to ———, I ate more than any two men at the table."

IT IS A MELANCHOLY reflection to think upon what a very shallow human happiness depends. A smile or frown—a kind or angry word, can make this world appear unto us almost a paradise, or in an instant seem to change it into a scene of desolation. One moment does the heart glow with gratitude and thankfulness to the Creator of all things, that we "live, and move, and have our being;" and the next, sensible only to the distresses and sufferings of existence, we would most gladly be numbered with the dead.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.—A woman from the neighborhood of Granville, in England, went into an apothecary's shop the other day with two prescriptions, one for her husband, and the other for her cow. She inquired what was the price of them; and the apothecary replied, that it was so much for the man, and so much for the beast. The woman finding that she had not enough money, reflected for a moment, and said: "Give me, at all events, the medicine for the cow; I can send for my husband's to-morrow!"

WOMAN'S OPINIONS.—Women are slower to change their opinions than men, exactly because they are adopted on less consideration. Men's opinions are founded on reason and if you convince his reason, the opinion goes with it, but women's are founded on feeling, and therefore part of themselves, and not easy to change. Men derive theirs from without, women from within. With our sex they are but adopted children; with the other their own.

WIDOW GRIBBLE whose remarkable conjugal affections was chronicled in the Post some months since, had an only sister. That sister is now a widow also. Her lord died lately of cholic. In the midst of his most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him—"*Well, Mr. Schlaak, you needn't kick round so and wear the sheets all out if you are a dying!*"

EPIGRAM.

"'Alas! I'm thirty,' said the withering Sue.
'Indeed sweet virgin, what you've said is true,
For thirty years I've heard you say,
'Alas! I'm thirty years to day!'"

A LADY applied to the philanthropist Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, on behalf of a little orphan boy. After he had given liberally, she said, "when he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man, "thou art mistaken, we don't thank the clouds for rain, teach him to look higher, and thank Him who gives the clouds and rain."

AN OLD WOMAN'S CONTEMPT.—"Tell your contemptible General," said an old woman in a village through which passed the army of Napoleon, to one of his corporals—"tell him I have a very despicable opinion of him." "I will," said the corporal, "if you insist upon it, Madame—but you can't think how it will distress him."

FORGIVENESS.—How much is there in this one little word which speaks of the spirit of the Christian; how much is there in it, which vibrates upon the heart attuned aright like a gentle symphony, and how much also that ought to remind the stubborn and obstinate of moral duty unfulfilled, and of social law disregarded!

EVADING THE LAW.—A "down-easter," who had been heavily fined in court for *beating* his wife, tried the *hugging* system the next time she needed correction. He said the law allowed him to *hug* his wife as much and as hard as he pleased, and the poor woman had three of her ribs broken as a consequence.

THE FAILURE of a person, named Homer, once gave rise to the following puns:

That Homer should a bankrupt be
Is not so very ODD D'YE SEE,
If it be true, as I'm instructed,
So ILL-HE-HAD his books conducted.

IN ANY ADVERSITY that happens to us in the world, we ought to consider that misery and affliction are no less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest; and that it were as reasonable to hope for a year without winter as for a life without trouble.

A DRIVE PROMISED.—A friend said to another, seeing a handsome equipage waiting in the street, "I should like a drive out; shouldn't you?" "*Get in*," replied the wag, "and I'll be bound for it, they'll soon *drive you out!*"

A FELICITOUS ILLUSTRATION.—"It is not enough that we have once swallowed truths, we must feed on them, as insects on a leaf, till the whole heart be colored by their qualities, and show its food in even the minutest fibre."

HONEST.—A village dentist advertises that he will "spare no *pains* in his operations to render them satisfactory." An honest confession is said to be good for the soul and perhaps it may be equally good for the toothache!

WHEN PERSONS are very prosperous, an occasional and an expenditure of ten or twenty pounds may not signify; but the principle of careless money spending is hard to curb, and often leads to much misery.

PEACE, contentment and love, cemented together by virtue are never dear at any price. They are of more value than riches or fame, for both, without them are of little value to the possessor.

WORDS are things, as much as if they had a weight of lead or gold: let them then be used with caution. Upon the shutting of the lips may depend the comfort of many days to come.

SHE THAT is the most amiable, intelligent and virtuous, is the most beautiful in the eyes of the discerning. The enjoyment of her love is the most valuable of all earthly passions.

SCARCELY have I ever heard or read the introductory phrase, "*I may say without vanity*," but some striking and characteristic instance of vanity has immediately followed.—*Franklin.*

THEODORE HOOK.—A lively Hibernian exclaimed at a party, where the late lamented wit shone as the evening star, "Och, Master Theodore, but you're the Hook that nobody can *bate*."

AMBIGUOUS.—"Your honor was right and I was wrong—as your honor is very apt to be," as a distinguished counsellor in court said to the presiding judge.

THOUGHT is an exalted gift—superior to language. The painter may portray the beauty of the rose, but he cannot copy its fragrance.

MARRIAGE is like a mouse trap—once get in and you are caught, without the least prospect of recovering your liberty.

A WIFE who loses her patience must not expect to keep her husband's heart.